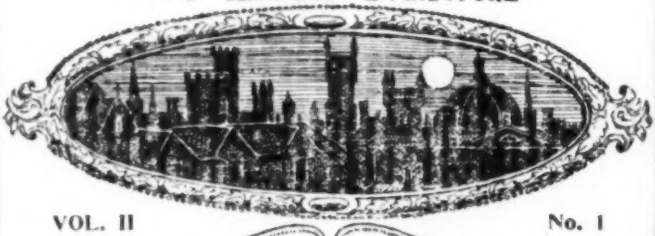
HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

THE BACHELOR OF ARTS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO UNIVERSITY INTERESTS
AND GENERAL LITERATURE



VOL. II No. 1

DECEMBER, 1895

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE CHRISTMAS BELL, Adapted from Lemaitre by J. Matthewman 1
THE HOLLY LEAF—(*Poem*), Clinton Scollard . . . 11
A CHRISTMAS SNOWSCAPE—(*Poem*), R. K. Munkittrick . 12
DICK'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, J. M. Fenners . . . 13
IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY—(*Poem*), Cornelia E. Green . 33
HOLLY BERRIES, R. K. Munkittrick 34
SEPARATION—(*Poem*), Emilie Kearney Jones. . . . 42
THE TALE OF A CHRISTMAS DAY, James Barnes . . 43
MY LADY'S EYES—(*Poem*), Talcott Miner Banks . . 52
CHRISTMAS LETTERS, E. L. Hall 53
LIFE—*Verse*, Frank Dempster Sherman 63
LIFE—Robert Adger Bowen 63
A COLLEGE CHRISTMAS, Alice W. Rollins . . . 64
BEYOND THE MUSIC—(*Poem*), Edwin Manners . . 73
DIXIANA, L. J. Vance 74
FOUR WOMEN—(*Poem*), Robert Adger Bowen . . 80
COMMENTS ON UNIVERSITY NEWS, Edward S. Martin . 81
ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT, Walter Camp 95
EDITORIAL NOTES 117
BOOK NOTICES—American Humorists 136

15 WALL ST NEW YORK

Entered at the New York Post-office as second class mail matter

Real Estate Investment Attainable

Productive real estate in New York City is the safest and most profitable investment in existence. This view is supported by the experience of the great families like the Astors, as well as by the financial success of the insurance and other corporations which have made improved realty in the metropolis the basis of their system of investment.

Until the present time no practical connection had been established between investors of moderate or limited means and this preeminently desirable field for investment. It has been virtually monopolized by great estates and corporations, although small investors have even more need than they for absolute security in placing their accumulations.

The Cass Realty Corporation, No. 503 Fifth Avenue, New York City, is the first thoroughly practical and successful attempt to break through this cordon of exclusiveness, and to give to distant or comparatively small investors an opportunity to partake of the benefits of these high-class securities which have been for half a century sought after by the wisest financiers of the country.

The corporation represents the advantages of combination and local experience in investments. It invests its capital in productive real estate in New York City and nothing else. Its management is prudent and careful, being conducted on the same lines as the most conservative estates or corporations. The returns from its investments are eminently satisfactory. Its common stock pays six per cent. a year and its preferred stock five per cent., dividends being paid quarterly. The $100 shares are not being sold for less than par value.

From the New York Times of Sunday, September 15, 1895:

The capitalizing of city real estate, or putting it on a stock basis, has been a long-cherished theory with many. This has been under way for about a year and a half by a corporation organized for the purpose in this city. This corporation buys, sells, improves and manages real estate. Its shares are of two kinds, common and preferred, the former paying 6 per cent. and the latter 5 per cent. The plan has thus far met with marked success, in great measure due to the judgment shown in the character of the investments and the skill in handling them. Dividends have been promptly paid, a surplus fund has been created, and sufficient encouragement has been met with to warrant an increase in the capital from $150,000 to $1,000,000.

From the Mail and Express, January 5, 1895:

THE CASS REALTY CORPORATION

One of the most useful institutions in this city for the assistance and benefit of real estate owners is the Cass Realty Corporation, of No. 503 Fifth Avenue. It has been incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, and takes entire charge and management of estates in New York City. The charges for performing this service are reasonable, and will be made satisfactory to those who may favor the corporation with their business.

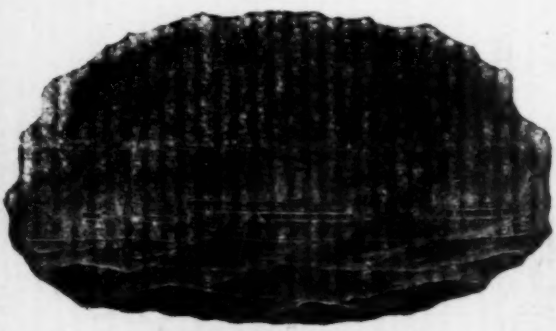
WINTER TOURS IN THE TROPICS

By the

Atlas Line of Mail Steamers

Specially built for tropical passenger service.

Sailing from Pier 55 North River, N. Y. City weekly



Hayti, U. S. Colombia and Costa Rica

Direct service to THE MOST CHARMING AND HEALTH **JAMAICA** every week, GIVING WINTER RESORT in the WORLD

Special Tours to the WEST INDIES and SPANISH MAIN costing about $5.00 a day, fully described in our illustrated pamphlet, mailed free. Address

PIM, FORWOOD & KELLOCK, General Agents

24 State Street New York City

BACHELOR OF ARTS

VOLUME II

DECEMBER—MAY

1895–6

NOS. 1 TO 6 INCLUSIVE

THE BACHELOR OF ARTS COMPANY

15 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

1896

~~HE. 15335~~

731-9 Educ P116.1

1895, Dec 9 – 1896, May 8

Sewer funds

TABLE OF CONTENTS OF VOLUME II

[NOTE.—Each Volume of THE BACHELOR OF ARTS consists of six numbers. Volume III. will commence with the June number.]

ESSAYS: PAGE

A Berkshire Type. Charles Bulkley Hubbell..... 501
About English Public Schools. A. G. Bradley..... 657
An English Athlete in America F. S. Horan..... 145
Bologna University and Its Successors. Lyman Horace Weeks. 294
College Life at Dublin University. Sherwin Cody 309, 485
Collegian in Literature, The. Winifred Johnes..... 401
Concerning Humor. James L. Ford 174
Debate in American Colleges. Marion Mills Miller..... 208
Dixiana. L. J. Vance 74
Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard, The. Lloyd McKim Garrison. 200
Heidelberg Student Life. Edward A. U. Valentine..... 507
Heinrich Heine. M. M. Miller..... 778
Historical Landmarks near Amherst. F. H. Law 333
Holly Berries. R. K. Munkittrick 34
Instead of Fraternities at Princeton. Jesse Lynch Williams .. 189
Medieval Student Mobs. Lyman Horace Weeks..... 629
Monroe Doctrine, Letters on. H. L. Parriah, Sir Henry Seymour King, Thomas E. Jevons 454, 465
Monroe Doctrine, The. Theodore Roosevelt 437
Montaigne. H. H. Chamberlin..... 804
Olympian Games at Athens. W. A. Robinson..... 581
Opening of a Scotch University. Chas. A. Robinson..... 326
Revival of the Olympic Games at Athens. J. W. Laing..... 372
Shall the English System of Colleges Prevail? F. N. Smith ... 596
Some Aspects of American Barbarism. H. G. Chapman..... 755
Some Aspects of College Professors. Mabel Loomis Todd..... 316
Tabb, Rev. J. B., A.M. J. M. Gordon 791
Three New English Poets. Anna McClure Sholl..... 611
Track and Field Records of the English and American Universities. S. Scoville, Jr..... 647
Universities of France and Spain. Lyman Horace Weeks..... 467
Venezuelan Question, The. John C. Ropes..... 725
Whisky in the Public Schools. E. S. Martin. 774
Yale Prom, The. Florence Guertin 364

POETRY:

An Invocation. Kent Knowlton 482
At the Mess. Wilbur Larremore 594
Beyond the Music. Edwin Manners 73
Books. Freeman E. Miller 332
Christmas Snowscape, A. R. K. Munkittrick 12
Cottonwood Down. Curtis May 190
Crocus and Bees. Curtis May..... 656
Days of Thy Youth, The. J. West Roosevelt 753
Discouragement. B. McChesney Pope 500
Four Women. Robert Adger Bowen..... 80
Garden Fancy, A. R. K. Munkittrick 610
Hazard. J. B. Tabb..... 790
Hidden Beauty, The. Clinton Scollard..... 628
Holly Leaf, The. Clinton Scollard..... 11
If. T. M. Banks..... 490
In College Days. William A. Wilson 159
In the College Library. Cornelia E. Green..... 33

Nocturne. M. C. Smith 773
Jenny. D. M. Cory 466
Life. Frank Dempster Sherman 63
Life. Robert Adger Bowen 63
Misdevotion. Lenora Beck 646
My Lady's Eyes. Talcott Miner Banks 52
St. Valentine's Day. Burton J. Hendrick 293
Sea Parting, A. Dallett Fuguet 325
Separation. Emilie Kearney Jones 42
Strayers from Arcadia. Ed. A. U. Valentine 173
To the Cornell Brain Association. John Hanson Williams 308

FICTION:

Christmas Bell, The. Adapted from Lemaitre by J. F. Matthewman 1
Christmas Letters. R. L. Hall 53
College Christmas, A. Alice W. Rollins 64
Dick's Christmas Presents. J. M. Fenners 13
Hegira of Gabe Freer, The. Ralph Graham Taber 216
Professor's Holiday, The. Pauline Bradford Mackie 160
Romance of a Wooden Leg, The. Francis A. Schneider 344
Tale of a Christmas Day, The. James Barnes 43

Athletic Department. Walter Camp 95, 249, 393, 527, 686
Comments on University News. E. S. Martin 81, 231, 380, 512, 673
Editorial Notes 117, 263, 413, 547, 706

HARVARD COLLEGE
DEC 9 1895
LIBRARY.

THE BACHELOR OF ARTS

VOLUME II. *December, 1895.* NUMBER 1.

THE CHRISTMAS BELL.

The little country parish of Lande-Fleurie had an old bell and an old *cure*.

The old bell was so cracked that when it was rung it produced a sound which resembled an old woman's cough more than anything else in the world. It saddened one to hear it, and sent the spirits of the laborers and shepherds in the fields down away below zero.

The *cure*, *l'abbe* Corentin, was sound and hearty, in spite of his seventy-five years. He had borne the storms of time better than the bell. His face was as pure and simple as that of a child. It was also as fresh, and pink, and blooming, and would have caused the envy of any city-bred dame of high degree. His hair was white and silken. He was adored by his flock, by whom he was justly esteemed for his good heart and charity.

As the time approached for the *abbé* to celebrate the fortieth Christmas festival of his charge, his parishioners resolved to offer him a present of considerable value, to mark, in a becoming manner, their esteem and reverence, and to make the Christmas, that year, memorable.

The three churchwardens went quietly from

house to house, and when they had made an end of collecting, went to the old *cure*, handed him the money, and begged him to take it and buy a new bell therewith in the neighboring town, and have it ready for Christmas Day.

"My children," said the worthy old *abbe*, "my dear children . . . it is evidently the good God, who has . . . so to say, in some way . . . done this. . . ."

More he could not say, for his voice was broken by emotion, and he murmured to himself softly:

"*Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum, in pace.*"

Early on the following morning the *abbe* set out for the town where he was to buy the bell. He had to go on foot for two leagues—that is to say, to the town of Pont-l'Archeveque, the principal town of the province, where he was to take the diligence.

It was a beautiful, warm, sunny day—the birds and plants alike seemed to enjoy the pleasures of that brief summer prelude to winter.

And the good old *abbe*, whose ears were already full of the ringing of the bell which he was going to buy, walked gayly along, like St. Francis of Assisi, partaking of the blithe gayety of Nature, and the rare tonic of the fine air.

As he neared Rosy-les-Roses he noticed on the side of the road a troupe of strolling players who had unharnessed their horses. At a short distance from the wagon an old dead horse was lying on its flank. Above his poor carcass the crows from the surrounding hills were already flying.

The owners, an old man and an old woman,

were sitting on the edge of the ditch bitterly lamenting the loss of their horse. They were gypsy players, and were clad in the ragged finery of the stage—so ragged that the shreds would scarcely hold together.

A beautiful girl of about fifteen years of age ran out suddenly from the ditch, and, hastening toward *abbe* Corentin, held out her hands toward him, crying: "Charity, *monsieur le cure*, charity, please. *Pitie—pitie—nous avons desespoir . . .*"

Her voice was a singular mixture of sweetness and hoarseness, and her words were modulated like a gipsy's song. The poor child, whose skin was the color of snow, was very scantily clad in the dirtiest possible garments; but her eyes were large and lustrous and her lips red like ripe cherries; her arms were tattooed with flowers, and a ring of copper encircled her raven-black hair, which was arranged fan-fashion on each side of the head, as one sees it in the ancient Egyptian pictures. She was an exquisite picture—a charming little Carmen!

The *abbe* slackened his pace and drew from his porte-monnaie a small piece, two sous, but, as he noticed the beautiful eyes of the child, he stopped and began to question her.

"Tell me your troubles, *ma pauvre petite*," he said.

"My brother," she explained, "is in prison. Some knave said that he stole some fowls. It was he who found food for us; so now he's gone we have had nothing to eat for two days. But it is nothing . . . We can but die once."

The *abbe* put the two sous back in his purse and took out a silver coin.

The girl continued: "I can do some dancing and some juggling and *ma belle mere* can tell fortunes. But neither of us can earn anything now the villagers are afraid of us and won't have anything to do with us. The fact is, we look too neglected and miserable; so we are despised in every town and village we enter; and now that our horse is dead, what shall we do? What will become of us? *Helas! Helas!* We will lie down and die."

"But," demanded the *abbe*, "cannot you look for some work in the country? The crops——"

"The country folks are afraid of us and pelt us with stones. Besides, we have never learned to work. If we had a horse and some money for clothes we might make a living in our own way of business. But now there is nothing for us but to die. *Helas! Helas!*"

The *abbe* put the silver coin back into his portemonnaie and took out in his hand a gold coin which he did not show.

"Do you love the good God?" he asked solemnly.

"I shall love Him if He comes to our aid," replied the girl cautiously.

The *abbe* felt the weight of the money which his parishioners had given him for the bell. It seemed like a dead weight at his girdle. What was a bell—to this destitution—to this misery?

The beggar girl riveted the *abbe* Corentin with her fascinating eyes. They were very strange—and beautiful.

"Are you a good girl?" he queried, meaning a virtuous.

"*Good?*" echoed the gipsy with astonish-

ment, not comprehending the drift of the *abbe's* question. "Good? Why—of course—*cela va sans dire.*"

"Say then to me, my poor girl, 'My God, I love thee—I will praise thee, oh God, forever!'"

The girl's eyes filled with tears, and she remained silent. The *abbe* had unbuttoned his cassock and was getting the bag of money, when the gipsy snatched and caught it quickly and said:

"*Monsieur le cure*, I love *you!* For you are no less than the good God yourself!"

And she ran joyously with the gold to the old couple who were sitting on the edge of the ditch, mourning for their dead horse.

Abbe Corentin stood a moment looking, then continued on his way toward Rosy-les-Roses, thinking of the wretchedness which it pleased God to allow many of his people to live in, and praying the Almighty to enlighten the mental and spiritual darkness of the gipsy, who evidently had no religious feelings, and had possibly not even been baptised.

Suddenly it occurred to him that as he had no money and could not get the bell, it was not worth the trouble of going on to Rosy-les-Roses, and so the *abbe* retraced his steps.

For the first time he began to doubt the wisdom of what he had done, and asked himself how he could have acted so injudiciously as to give a large sum of money—which did not belong to him—to strolling players.

He hastened his steps, hoping to see the gypsies again. But on the roadside he found nothing but the carcass of the horse and the broken-down wagon. The strollers had utterly disappeared.

He reflected upon what he had done. Without doubt he had sinned grievously—he had abused the confidence of his parishoners, had misused money which had been intrusted to his keeping—he had, in fact, committed a theft! There would be no Christmas Bell!

He thought with terror of the consequences of his crime. How could he hide it? How was it possible to make restitution? How and where would he be able to find a hundred crowns? And how would he in the meantime be able to answer those who should question him? What satisfactory explanation could he give of his conduct? How ridiculous it was!

The sky grew gloomy, the green of the trees on the horizon seemed to turn a deep gray and large drops of rain began to fall. The *abbe* was overwhelmed by the dreariness of creation.

Fortunately, he was able to slip back unnoticed into the presbytery and hide himself in his study.

"You back already, *monsieur le cure?*" demanded his maidservant, an old scholastique. You haven't been to Pont-Archeveque, then? heh?"

The *abbe* told a lie:

"I missed the diligence at Rosy-les-Roses. . . . I will go another day. . . . But, listen, don't tell anybody that I am back."

On the following day he did not say mass. He remained shut up in his room, poor soul, not daring even to take a stroll in his orchard.

But the day after a parishioner came to seek him to administer the extreme unction to a dying man at Clos-Mossu.

"*Monsieur le cure* is not back yet," said the housekeeper.

"You are mistaken; here I am," said *abbe* Corentin, coming forward.

While returning from Clos-Mossu the *abbe* encountered one of his most pious parishioners, who asked:

"Well, good father, had you a pleasant journey?"

The *abbe* told a lie for the second time:

"Oh, charming! charming! I was pleased to have the little change——"

"And the bell?—is it all right? Does it sound well?"

Again the *abbe* told a lie. In fact, it was getting impossible to count them now—the lies!

"O magnificent, simply! It sounds like silver. The tone is exquisite. When you give just one stroke it goes on sounding so long that you think it is never going to end—it is like a nocturne of Chopin—it tells you so much——"

"When shall we see it—surely by Christmas Day?"

"Very soon, my dear friend, very soon. But first of all there is some engraving to be done, you know—the baptismal name, the names of the god-father and god-mother, and a few texts of Scripture; and that will take a little time, you see."

"Scholastique," said the *abbe*, when he reached home, "if I sold my armchair, clock and cupboard, how much do you think I could get for them—could I raise a hundred crowns?"

"You wouldn't get more than three pistoles;

for, with all respect, all your furniture together isn't worth four sous."

"Scholastique," responded *abbe* Corentin, dismally, "I will not eat any more meat. It doesn't agree with me."

"*Monsieur le cure*," replied the old servant, "all this is not natural, and I am sure there is something behind all of it. Since the day that you went to go to Pont-l'Archeveque there has been something strange. What has happened? You have not been the same——"

She plied him, good woman, relentlessly with questions, so that he ended by confessing all to her.

"That doesn't astonish me at all," she said, when he had finished his story, "your soft heart will be the ruin of you yet. But don't let that disturb you any more, *Monsieur le cure*. I'll explain the state of affairs and will get the hundred crowns together for you, never fear—bless your dear old heart!"

Scholastique invented all sorts of stories, which she retailed to every comer—the bell had been cracked in packing it, and it had been necessary to cast another. When the new one had been cast the idea had entered the *cure's* head to send it to Rome so as to get it blessed by the Pope, and, of course, it was a long way to Rome, and the ceremony took some considerable time, too.

The *abbe* let her talk, and became more and more miserable. For not only was he responsible for the sins which he had himself committed, in connection with the affair, but he was also to blame for the lies that Scholastique was telling on his behalf, and the load of sin assumed colossal dimensions. Pray day and

night as he would, he bent under the burden, and gradually the paleness of terror spread over his emaciated cheeks, which were formerly as fresh and ruddy as a child's.

The inhabitants of Lande-Fleurie were astonished at such a long delay. All kinds of rumors began to spread. The blacksmith said that on the day the *abbe* was supposed to have gone to Pont-l'Archeveque, he himself had seen their spiritual leader in the company of a gay woman of suspicious character at Rosy-les-Roses, "and," he added, "that's how the money has gone—take my word for it."

A strong party was formed against poor *abbe* Corentin. When he walked down the street there were some who did not cap to him, and he even heard, occasionally, murmurs of hostility. The poor old man was overwhelmed with remorse, and thought that all the guilt rested on his shoulders. But, much as he was cast down, he felt that he was not thoroughly repentant for his sins.

He felt that although he had acted very imprudently in the matter of the gypsy, and had given rashly the money which belonged to others, nevertheless he had acted on the spur of the moment, and that it was not in any case a sin of *deliberate* commission. His extravagant and unreasoning charity might have been, he persuaded himself, a very message from God to the poor benighted soul. And through all he saw the big dark eyes of the exquisite little gypsy, mournful and bathed in tears. . . .

But as Christmas approached the anguish of his conscience became greater and greater. His crime seemed to grow, so that one day, after resting an unusually long time in prayer,

he resolved to get rid of his sin by confessing it publicly before his flock. Ah, yes—it was his duty. He would confess it all, publicly, on Christmas Day!

All the cold, sweet night before Christmas he spent in a long vigil beneath the white moonlight. He saw a vision, and a spirit strangely beautiful, and looking exactly like the gypsy child, came to him as he remained on his knees. "Peace!" it said. "Charity shall cover a multitude of sins" (St. Peter, 4, 8.)

He ate no breakfast, but remained in prayer until the good old Scholastique came to him and told him it was Christmas morning, and time for service.

He made his way to the church, and read the lesson. The church was filled with flowers, and crowded with people.

As he ascended the pulpit stairs he was pale and almost paralyzed with emotion, but he displayed the firm heroism of the martyrs of old. He commenced:

"My dear brethren, my dear friends, my dear children, I have a confession to make to you. . . ." Then he paused and prayed to God for strength.

At that moment the clear tone of a bell came from the belfry—sweet, clear, and musical as silver. The old church was full of the sound, which lingered in sweet music as if loth to die away. Every head turned at once, and an astonished whisper broke simultaneously from all present:

"*The new Christmas bell! the new bell! the new bell—at last!*"

Was it a miracle? Had a bell been sent

from heaven to save the honor of the good, kind and charitable old priest?

Or had the good scholastique been to the rich American ladies, who lived this winter in that pretty old *chateau* only three leagues from Lande-Fleurie, and were said to be as rich as they were charitable—and had the ladies prepared the pleasant Christmas surprise for him?

I think the second explanation would be perhaps less difficult to grasp than the first!

However that may be, the inhabitants of Lande-Fleurie never knew what old *abbe* Corentin had had to confess to them. The new Christmas bell was sweet and beautiful to him on the evening air as a nocturne of Chopin.

Adapted from Lemaitre by J. Matthewman.

THE HOLLY LEAF.

Though rutty ways with rime are frore,
  And bitter days are brief,
No hint of wintry change comes o'er
  The gleaming holly leaf.

As changeless as the leaf in hue,
  With all its vernal sheen,
Doth love deep in my heart for you
  Keep its perennial green.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A CHRISTMAS SNOWSCAPE.

Christmas bells are ringing
On the frosty air;
Christmas music's flowing
Through the woodland bare.

From the hazy cloud-land
Drift the snowflake stars
Through the ashen sumachs,
Through the pasture bars.

All the prospect's sculptured,
While the wind at play
Garlands shrub and gate-post
Down the meadow way.

Now the storm has vanished
And the sunbeam glows
Till each crystal sparkles
Violet and rose.

And the Christmas sparrow
Makes the glad air ring,
Dreaming all the snowdrifts
Flower banks of spring.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

DICK'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

I.

Charley Dickson, or "Dick," as he was commonly called, sat at one of the neat little desks devoted to pen and ink and note paper in the Athletic Club. It was quite late—nearly one A.M.—and very few were left playing billiards or sitting at the little drinking tables. Dick was a well-built, handsome fellow and had given a good account of himself in college on his football team. He had come down to New York with a great many introductions, and had been, for three years, somewhat conspicuous in society. He was a favorite with the ladies, a good dancer, always jolly and companionable, and possessed of the rarest good health. He had been fortunate in securing a good position with a fair salary in one of the large insurance companies downtown. The salary had been sufficient until Dick began to get more or less into "the swim." Money flies in New York even if one merely sits still. As someone has aptly said, it always costs each year five hundred dollars more than one's income to live in the glorious metropolis! Dick found that his clothes and living at the club, with a little dinner party now and then, and the theaters, and his boxing and fencing, took a good deal more than his salary. He hated to call on his father for money—but he was obliged to do so more than once. It always brought a long reproving letter from his "governor," who was a strict, old-fashioned lawyer in a small New England town.

Dick felt in conscience bound to *read* these long paternal letters, if he did not apply them. It was the penance he paid for the check he received. But when he had dutifully read them—for he was really very fond of his dear old "governor"—his natural jollity asserted itself again, and he fell to thinking of the many things the check would buy. For example, he "needed" a Tuxedo dress coat. He "needed" a dozen new shirts. There was his bill for dues at the club to pay. How fast the money went, to be sure!

It got to be December 22d, and a raw, gusty, disagreeable day it was. Dick, who had been out to a theater party, dropped into the club on his way home, to write up to Massachusetts that he didn't see how he could *possibly* go up to Bleakfield for the Christmas holidays that year. He was needed at the office, "work was pressing," etc. The fact was, Dick was "strapped." He had lost $50 the night before at the pleasant but seductive game of poker at Tom Hodge's rooms, and now, as he sent off the letter, he contemplated a lonely holiday week of it, with gloomy forebodings. To be sure, there was the Grantley's ball and the dancing class, and a theater party Christmas week; but he loved to go home to his family in the snowy country these holiday times. He had never before missed a Christmas at home!

He sat at the writing table at the club, conning his letter to his father, and, feeling too depressed to continue, summoned a waiter and ordered a stiff brandy and soda. What would the Governor say? What would his mother say, and his two sisters? He found he had

not actually enough money to buy them a present! His salary wasn't due till January 1—but he had drawn on *that* to the full already! He never had been so hard up before in his life!

The "B. & S." gave him a temporary resolution, and he signed, sealed the letter and mailed it to Bleakfield, and then walked home to his boarding house, feeling that it was a dreary thing he was doing at this "jolliest" season of the year. He was "strapped," "busted," "done up." He owed money. He had not been very fast or wild, but he had got in the habit of spending money foolishly. He sent flowers, for instance, twice a week to Miss Nellie Windham until the flower man positively refused to charge up another bouquet. He rode about in hansom cabs and coupes instead of street cars. He was always ready for a rarebit at Del.'s or the club after the theater. What young, happy and healthy New Yorker isn't up to all these little extravagances?

When he let himself into his boarding house he found in his room two large boxes and a small one, carefully wrapped and having a decidedly Christmassy air about them.

"Oh dear!" he groaned. "Who in the name of mischief has gone and sent me a present? Now, I've got to return them, I suppose!—and how can I?"

He unwrapped the boxes with a melancholy despair. In one was a handsome pair of boxing gloves from his friend Hinckley, costing at least $10; in the other was a set of studs and sleeve buttons, marked "Toofunny," and costing at least $20 more. He didn't need the boxing gloves—he had recently bought a set—

and the sleeve buttons were very similar to those he had already had. He looked at the card of the girl who sent them:

Miss Sara Peyton,

11,401 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

On the back of the card was written: "With Merry Christmas. I shall be at Aunt Grantley's during the holidays."

He had a momentary fleeting sense of gratitude to the pretty and, what is better, wealthy Sara Peyton, with whom he had had a "desperate" flirtation at Bar Harbor the previous summer; but it ended in the reflection that, doubtless, he would be expected to "do the agreeable" in the way of flowers and theaters for Sara when she arrived in the city, and where, pray, was the money to come from? She was a stunningly handsome, nice girl, of course, and he liked her very much—for a *summer*. As a winter girl he had had no experience with Sara Peyton whatever. But alas, her coming meant money! Should he bolt the town? Where could he go for the seven days from "Merry" Christmas to "Happy" New Year's? Hoboken, Brooklyn, or where?

In the third (and largest) box some friend had sent a handsomely mounted deer's head and antlers—(he knew the taxidermist's bill alone could not be less than twenty-five

dollars). He went to bed feeling just as if he had foolishly purchased the jewelry, the boxing-gloves and the antlers, and would have to pay for them on the morrow, when the bills came in!

All night he tossed about in bed with the most restless dreams. He thought he saw his family seated at their Christmas dinner, and over the back of his vacant chair was a dismal floral "tribute," "*Gone, but not Forgotten!*" Everyone at table spoke of him as dead and buried! He woke up only to fall into a more hideous nightmare;—he fancied he was standing up before the altar and being solemnly married to the eldest Miss Grantley, who was famous for her shelving front teeth, sloping forehead and retreating chin! He was awakened in the morning by the maid, who informed him that there was a messenger boy waiting with a bundle for him in the hall below.

"I guess it's a Christmas present!" said faithful Bridget, grinning.

Poor Dick groaned. He had the boy sent up, and with him came a beautifully-worked pair of slippers, "from his cousin, Cornelia Hadley." So Neelie had remembered him too? The little note said she sent them early, so that he could take them home to Bleakfield and wear them before the old family fireplace when he smoked his pipe. He knew Neelie would expect a nice little "Toofunny" present in return for the pretty slippers, and he resolved to stop on the way downtown and see if "Toofunny" would trust him "for a few days." The thought cheered him as he dressed and ate his breakfast. He could buy a dozen silver knick-knacks and send them about

in neat little "Toofunny" boxes. Everyone would be satisfied. They needn't cost much—a dollar or two—and when "Toofunny" sent his bill in—why—he would ask them to kindly postpone it a while. He thought, too, that he could see Jackson meanwhile (who borrowed a fifty from him last summer), and dun him for the "mon." Of course Jackson would feel bound to return it by this time. He started downtown to his office that cold, crisp December twenty-third, with a light heart. He would pull through somehow or other.

But unfortunately "Toofunny" ungenerously refused to part with any of his cunning little trinkets except for actual hard cash, and Jackson, whom he accidentally met at lunch, intercepted *his* request by asking for a further loan himself! He appeared very much provoked when Dick refused. "Did I not borrow that fifty all right?" he asked, with a show of virtuous indignation.

"Yes, Jack,—but I'm strapped, and I want the money—"

"Well,—it's no time to dun a fellow at Christmas-time," and Jackson bade him good day curtly, and turned on his heel.

Dick knew he had made an enemy, for thus it is that a "loan oft loses itself and friend."

That afternoon at the office there came in a few more Christmas presents by mail. One, a valuable book from an old classmate at Harvale. Another, a handsome silver-handled stick from one of the men in the office. It was expected that on the morrow he would start for his home in Massachusetts, and so the presents began to tumble in upon him thick and fast for two days before the 25th.

Poor Dick was overburdened and overpowered by his Christmas presents. His abject despair was heartrending as, on his return to his boarding-house uptown that night, he found his table stacked with presents from all the plutocratic Bakers, his cousins, young and old! —seven presents—to be returned at once in kind!

Aunt Susan Baker—his mother's sister—lived in a very fine house on Madison avenue, was possessed of a wealthy husband and five leggy children of assorted sizes. They never invited him there to any *especial* dinner or party, but gave him one of those general, indefinite invitations "to drop in and dine at any time." The result was he never went to Aunt Baker's, except on rare Sundays. He thought at first that his aunt might have shown him a little more attention. The Baker cousins had always spent a few weeks of their summers very cheaply, at Bleakfield, but it was never suggested that Dick's sisters, or Dick himself, should be entertained in the grand house on Madison avenue. Dick's father and mother were full of a high, sensitive New England pride, and if they came to New York, always, of course, stopped at a hotel. Like many striving-to-be-fashionable New York people, the Bakers saw no reason to cultivate their country cousins, and regarded the visiting in Bleakfield as a pure act of kindness on their part and not returnable in kind. There was but one way to "pay those Dicksons off," they said, —"by Christmas presents." Each Baker, young or old, gave each Dickson an expensive present, each year. Dick's sisters responded in worsted work, drawn work and prettily

painted china—something they "did themselves." When Dick saw the Baker boxes piled up on his table, he was angry enough to cart them all back to Madison avenue. "They know I'm alone here in New York," he said bitterly, "and they've never had me to dine! Presents, indeed! What do I want of *them?* It's heartless to send me these expensive things, as if they *paid* me to keep away from them! By jove! They can keep their presents for someone who wants them. *I* don't!" And yet the poor boy sat down and dashed off a note of most gushing thanks to his dear Aunt Susan, and his dear cousins who, the last time he had called, had made him secretly angry by palming off two "charity" concert tickets on him, at two dollars apiece!

II.

So it came to the

Night before Chistmas,
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse.

Poor Dick sat up late in his room, pipe in mouth, sadly contemplating his stacks of Christmas presents, and chewing the cud of bitterness over the fact that he had not been able to send one gift in return. Stay! He had borrowed a fiver and sent his two sisters the biggest box of candy he could buy for the money. None of *his* presents would fit *them* exactly, or he would have sent half he had up to the old country house at Bleakfield. How could a man send his sister a silver-mounted tobacco stand?

or boxing gloves? or a box of cigars, or a cane? The rich plutocratic Bakers prided themselves on their present-giving ability. They thought and talked much about it. The presents they gave themselves were gorgeous in the extreme. Christmas day their house was like a great jewelry store on Fifth avenue. They sent Dick some elegant cut-glass cologne bottles in leather cases; razors for every day in the week—a handsome shaving stand—it made him tired! He sat over his grate fire and heard his clock tick off the minutes and seconds. His head fell on his hand, his eyes closed, his pipe fell out of his mouth on the floor, but even that did not rouse him. At twelve o'clock he was sound asleep. Alone in that vast city on Christmas eve. Poor Dick!

Presently he fell to dreaming as on the previous night. Again he saw his vacant chair at the dinner table, and the "floral tribute," "Gone but not forgotten," wreathed about his chair. He heard his father ask the long, solemn, hearty blessing. He smelled the delicious odor of turkey; he saw the old bottles of Madeira, of which the governor was so proud, come out on the table as grand as ever in their silver coasters at the four corners of the table. He saw his dear mother's face, sad and unhappy over his absence. He saw a young man seated near his sister Molly, and knew that an engagement was to be announced. How bitterly he felt even in the dream! How lonely and deserted and "left"!

The lamp on his table burned low; the fire in the grate sunk away to white ashes. Suddenly he became aware of a startling noise at his window, which looked out just above the

tin roof of a neighboring empty house. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. The clock said two o'clock. It was Christmas!—and—and—

"Are you Santa Claus?" he asked of a strange, dark-looking figure of a man half covered with snow, who pushed up the sash and leaped into the room.

"Santy Claws? Not much!" said the man in a low, husky voice. "Say, young feller, I'm after them there ornymints—see? (pointing to Dick's presents set out on a table). Now, is't to be aisy, or is't to be this ere persuader?"

At the instant the intruder whipped out a bulldog revolver and leveled it at Dick's head "I need a few Christmas presents—see? and them silver ornymints seem A1—fust class! I want 'em in me bag—see? I ain't got no frens fer to give me nuthin', so I helps myself. So is't to be aisy?"

"Oh—you're *not* Santa Claus—I'm awake and—you are a burglar!" said Dick rising. "Yes, a burglar!"

"Right you are, pard, I'm in the perfesh—"

"Well—I'm glad for one thing," laughed Dick, "you're not Santa Claus with any *more* presents!"

"Naw—you've got too many, see? I ain't got none, pard. S'help me! No one takes pity on me—a fren'less orfing!"

"Well," said Dick, "I'll take pity on you. I won't collar you and drag you down stairs, if you'll *get out—at once!*"

"Go easy, pard—so it's fight?"

Dick had not trained on his college football team on the rush line for nothing. Quick as a flash he knocked the pistol out of the burglar's

hand. Then biff! bim! biff! The fellow did not know how to use his dukes! An upper cut—he lay stunned on the floor, half senseless.

Dick looked down with pity on him. "I need not have hit him that *last* one," he reflected regretfully.

At first he thought of rousing the whole boarding house—then he remembered how it would frighten some of the delicate young women and children in it, and desisted. The fellow would come to in a minute and then he would mercifully pack him off the way he came in and say nothing about it.

"What a fool to think he could best me!" thought Dick, compassionately, "and what a queer east side specimen it is!"

"Giv' us a drink, Capt'n, I say!" gasped the burglar, lifting his head a little. "You done me up. I trow up de sponge. I ain't in it wid you. Lord! what 'av I struck?—a harricane?"

Dick laughed. He went to his closet and brought out a bottle half full of whisky. He poured out a liberal supply in a glass and gave it to the fellow, who swigged it off with an amusing alertness.

"Say, Cap, 'ere's awishin' yer a merry Christmas! That's good," he said. "Now, what are ye goin' to do wid me? I want to know, fer I've got frens ter visit. See?"

"Get up and get out," replied Dick as he lit his pipe. "I've decided not to prosecute."

The burglar rose slowly. "Do I git me gun back?" he asked with a solemn leer.

"No," said Dick; "that's another Christ-

mas present from you to me, see? It isn't proper to take back a Christmas present!"

The burglar sidled over to the open window. He was the oddest, dwarfishest, owlishest east-sider Dick had ever seen. He had a large dustman's bag with him, into which, until he met with such unexpected opposition, he had contemplated placing the many new "ornymints" scattered over Dick's table and about the room.

"An' am I agoin' out into de cold night winds wid me head sore and widout me kit full? Oh, dis is terrible!—an' Christmas time, too. Howly Moses!"

Dick cocked his feet up on the table amused. "It *is* hard," he laughed. "The way of the transgressor is always hard! But you ought to be thankful I haven't called in the police!"

The burglar glanced furtively at the table loaded with presents.

"Say, Cap, are you dead agin gettin' presents? Say—I'll buy 'em off ye—dere bargains!"

"What d'ye mean, you rascal?"

"Say, Cap, me an' me pard sold a hoss today, an' here's de greens. (Holding up a roll of bills.) Yes, a hull fifty, Cap. Say, I'll buy 'em off ye!"

Dick looked over the many useless and expensive presents the Bakers had sent him. He was not averse to a sale of some of them He thought of his dear old home in Massachusetts. It seemed a perfectly fair method of raising the wind—a plan he had not considered before. "Bowery Mike" (as the burglar stated his name to be) had suggested it.

"Why, Cap," said Bowery Mike, "you've

got too much swag here. You haint got no use fer it all, see?"

"True," said Dick. "More things than I want."

"I'll give you fair prices—an' trade fair. I ken sell 'em an' make a turn dis holiday week, see?"

Both now entered with spirit into the trade; presently the Bakers' presents and several beside were carefully deposited in "Bowery Mike's" dust bag, and Dick, not without a certain guilty feeling, counted over the fifty dollars and found the money was not counterfeit. "Bowery Mike," loading his swag on his shoulder, turned to go.

"Now," said Dick, thinking aloud, "I'll say a burglar got away with these things, if they ask me."

"Give me a good half hour, Cap, an' I don't care what ye say, see?"

"You can have till morning!"

"Say, Cap—that's fair; an' . . ."

"Well, what?"

"Any old clo's, Cap'n. A pair of shoes, say? It's Christmas, Cap."

"So it is," said Dick, going to his closet. "Here's an old suit for you, Mike, and here's some old shoes. Stop! Here's my last year's spring beaver."

"It's a fine fit! See?" and Mike pulled the London Bond street tile way down over his ears, laughing. "Well, it's many thanks to yez, Cap—an' it's merry Christmas! So long!" He turned to go.

"Stop, Mike!" cried Dick, seized now with a desire to do the square thing by the burglar, who had taken such a load of undesirable

presents off his hands. "Here's a shirt, a collar, a necktie and a pair of socks. Put them on now and look like a gentleman, give up this burglaring business, settle down an' start a lawful trade somewhere. Did it ever occur to you?"

"Bowery Mike" gurgled with glee.

"Put 'em on, sir? Course I does—an' be a gent—course I will! Fer it's me nater, Cap, see? 'Cause I'm an orphing child that ain't agoin' to prevent me bein' a gent; no, sir!"

And in a few seconds he had hustled off his old, dirty clothes, and shoved them into his "kit," and hustled on his new "goods." "Bowery Mike" did not look so bad as a "gent." Dick eyed him critically, laughing.

"You need an overcoat this weather," he said, gazing admiringly at his own handiwork. "An overcoat and a stick, and you might walk up and down Fifth avenue, and no one would know you hadn't just stepped out of a club!"

"It's me native genteelity! See?" said "Bowery Mike," striking an attitude.

Dick shouted with laughter. His Christmas was not to be so gloomy after all.

Dick dove into the closet and brought out an overcoat which had done good service two winters before.

"It's a little mothy, Mike, and I'm ashamed to give it to you . . ."

"Moths? What's them?" asked Mike, seizing the coat.

Dressed up now like a swell in Dick's old clothes, which were a little too big, but gave him freedom of motion, as Dick remarked, "Bowery Mike," full of gratitude and bowing

and scraping his way, with many a "Merry Christmas and a 'Appy New Year," his kit on his shoulders, leaped on the window-sill, opened the sash, and disappeared like a veritable St. Nicholas.

Dick took a fresh filling of "Old Bob Lee Best Prime Virginia" and stuffed it into his briarwood, lit it and sat down to think. He heard the window tapped after a moment, went to it, opened it cautiously. "Bowery Mike" had come back again.

"Cap," he said seriously, "me an' me pard 'll put up a hunderd on yez agin Dooney Harris, for a six-round go at the Bowery Theayter. See? Quanesberry rules, hard gloves. Dooney's a-lookin' fer a fight. Is 't a go?"

Dick's face was a study. "Lord bless you!" he laughed. "Do you think I'm a prize fighter?"

"Yes can fight as Bowery Mike's Unknown, see?" said the tough seriously. "An' the boys won't get on."

"Thanks! But I'm not in the business."

"Beggin' pard'n, Cap. Merry Christmas agin!" And "Bowery Mike" disappeared again, this time for good.

Dick sat down to think again. Had he done right to sell off a lot of his useless Christmas presents to this scamp? He did not need them. He needed the cash more. The Bakers would never know nor never care what became of their expensive gifts. They were his, and he had a right to do what he pleased with *his* own. What need had *he* of silver-backed hair brushes? What earthly use could *he* make of silver-mounted blotting-paper pads?

And then the glorious thought came over him

—*now* I can go home—and I can repay those Bakers in kind!

Hastily glancing over a time table, he saw that if he wanted to be at home for his Christmas dinner, he must leave by the eight o'clock express the next morning. Like all good New Englanders, his family dined in the middle of the day. What stores would be open at eight? Perhaps they would *all* be closed on Christmas holiday—and how would he purchase his presents for those Bakers! He took up the sleeve buttons and studs Sara Peyton had sent him; whatever he did, he felt he could *not* bring himself to part with *them*. Sara's pretty face beamed down on him from a photograph on the mantel. She was a dear, sweet *summer* girl as ever lived. He thought he loved her—at Bar Harbor. Would he care as much for her mid the snows and rains and slush of a New York winter? But a present—yes, a present must go to *her* at once, and hang sentiment!

Before he went to bed he made a careful list of every one whose present he *must* return. There were just twenty people! It would cost him five dollars to reach Bleakfield; that would leave forty-five dollars for gifts to the twenty donees. But would he have time in the morning?

The morning came and Dick rushed out after a hasty cup of coffee, and sought far and wide for a store in which to find some suitable present.

Up and down Sixth avenue he madly tore, fully aware that he had hardly half an hour left. Nothing was open, except drug stores, and what could he buy in them? He went into one, bag and umbrella in hand,

ready to dart off at the last moment for that eight o'clock train at the Forty-second street depot.

"What can I do for you?" said a dapper clerk, rather amazed at seeing so early a customer.

"I—I haven't much time. I've got to get—twenty Christmas presents!" gasped poor Dick. "What have you got?"

The dapper clerk pondered. At last he suggested:

"How would twenty hair brushes and combs do?"

Dick scouted the suggestion.

"Would *not* do? Well—how would twenty cakes of fine soap go?"

"Not to be thought of!"

"Well—sponges!" The clerk scratched his head for inspiration.

"Ridiculous!"

"Male or female gifts?" asked the clerk, catching a little of Dick's excitement.

"Both! Oh, hurry please!" cried Dick.

"Twenty bottles of *Our Sure Cure*. . . ."

"Sure cure of what?"

"Everything!" cried the clerk. Measles, mumps, chilblains, scarlet fever, pneumony——"

"No, no, you infernal idiot!"

"Do they live in Jersey? Give 'em fancy boxes of quinine."

"Oh, ridiculous!"

"Do they live in Lonelyville? Give 'em Darne's Cure fer Homesickness, or a set of almanacs."

"They live here, man—*here* in New York!" And Dick thumped his fist on the counter in rage.

"Oh, *do* they? Well, then give them sets of ear-stoppers—just out—the latest thing going for ears. Can't hear newsboys, L roads, cable-car bells, milk wagons in the morning. Can't hear the breakfast bell. They sell like hot cakes, sir."

Dick stamped his foot and cast a wild, hurried eye over the bottles and showcases. It was the usual avenue drug store, with the usual nostrums, soda-water fountain, scented soaps and jars of violet and blue in the window for the gas to shine through at night. There was nothing in the way of a Christmas present which caught his desperate eye. There were jars of toothbrushes and jars of licorice cough drops, and there were flannel pads and chest protectors. He turned distractedly to leave the store.

"Ah! I have it now!" cried the dapper little clerk with a bright glance at Dick.

"What?"

"*Cologne!!*"

"Dick dropped his bag on the floor. "Why had I not thought of that?" he said. "Of course, cologne. Your very best. Twenty bottles. Quick, man! Look alive! Here's a list. Names and addresses. Send 'em along to-day. *Now!* At once! Stop. I'll take four in my bag. How much is the lot that way?"

The dapper clerk figured a moment on a pad of wrapping paper. It seemed hours to Dick. Finally he drawled out: "Twenty bottles fancy eau dee cologne. Imitation cut glass. Our best. Forty dollars, please."

Dick threw the money on the counter, grabbed four bottles "for the loved ones at home," and rushed out of the store.

"That man's mad as a hatter! he's gone crazy over Christmas!" remarked the dapper young clerk sagely. "Some folks do. *I* don't. I use Gootenbottles Sassparill!" and the proprietor not being around as yet, he helped himself to a highly delicious glass of soda water, flavored with that extract, as a Christmas gift all to himself!

Dick just barely caught his train. He jumped on the last car as it swung out of the depot; but he had no further mishap and arrived at Bleakfield unexpectedly and doubly welcome, for the jolliest dinner in years.

How happy he was to get home! How delicious the crisp air! The light covering of snow on the great evergreens and under the bare maples—how it scintillated in the sun that glorious Christmas day! And the dear old New England homestead, with its tall white pillars, and its box-bordered flower beds—how much *home* seemed to him then!

Ah, the numberless college boys in New York at Christmas time! Adventurers, most of them, seeking a livelihood in the vast city. Honest boys from West and East, North and South. Some have homes just as beautiful as Dick's in New England, which, poor chaps, they won't see this year! Too bad they can't go home; too bad their Christmas must be spent in gloomingly reading the papers in some cheap boarding house; too bad they have not the tender, loving hearts of their mothers and sisters close to them at this time! But let them be brave and honest and hard working, and the time will soon come for this, the merriest, jolliest vacation of all the year!

"For my part, I like my bottle of cologne the best of all my presents," said his mother with glistening eyes, as she gazed at the handsome, honest face of her son at dinner.

"And I . . ." said his father, laughing.

"And I . . ." exclaimed each of his sisters.

"What is *your* best present, my boy?" asked his father.

Dick hesitated a moment. "I rather think I like a little bulldog pistol best. A friend who happened in last night gave it to me. He dropped in very unexpectedly. Just like —Santa Claus!"

His mother kissed him and he told her it was the happiest Christmas of his life. "Because," he said, very gravely, "I *hate* presents, you know. All men do. They'd rather buy their own things—and then one has to return them or be thought mean. I'm generally too hard up to return mine. But this year, by accident, I've had enough to pay every present back—it never happened before. Each Baker, great and small, gets a present from me!—cologne's the stuff! Sara Peyton, too—but it means loads of flowers besides, —for *her*. . . ."

"Oh, she's an heiress—and that's in the way of business. You'll get it back in time!" laughed one of his pretty sisters, who was engaged, and wanted everyone else to be, too.

"Well—Sara is all right as a summer girl," said Dick, hesitating, "but as a winter girl—I—I'm not so sure. . . ."

And then he sighed lugubriously, and his sisters laughed, and called him, justly, a great big, strong, nonsensical darling!

"But my cologne," he protested. "The Bakers—won't *they* like it?"

"They will never send you another Christmas present as long as you live! *Like it!* They'll be perfectly disgusted!"

"Thank the Lord for *that!*" and Dick jumped up, grasped the sister nearest to him, and danced a waltz, in the happiest frame of mind possible.

J. M. FENNERS.

IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Alone, absorbed, she sits, and reads
From heavy tomes of dingy brown
The history of ancient deeds,
Of old beliefs, of worn-out creeds;
And, flooding all the open space,
The sun shines in upon the place,
Rests lightly on that fresh young face,
Revealing, in her simple grace,
Elizabeth in cap and gown.

What though no lover may adore?
And marble heroes all look down
With cold eyes changeless evermore
At this sweet girl, a sophomore—
I know no picture half so fair
As she is, with her dark brown hair,
Her earnest face, her quiet air.
May Heaven bless her reading there!
Elizabeth—in cap and gown!

CORNELIA E. GREEN.

HOLLY BERRIES.

Verily this is an age of sofa cushions, and every poor woman in the land rejoices and hugs herself with delight when she thinks of this economical method of giving a pretty Christmas present in return for a grand piano or a solid silver dinner service. For she usually thinks it is nobler to give an inexpensive gift than to receive one, and for weeks before Christmas her busy needle flashes and twinkles in the sunlight and the gaslight, preparing the presents, whose greatest expense lies in the express charges, which must be paid in advance. In bygone days the stocking-bag, or calendar worked on panels of birch bark, fastened together with a bow of blue ribbon, was the customary return for a handsome prayer rug; but these have passed into disuse, inasmuch as their pecuniary cheapness was too apparent. But now the silk cushion has come upon the scene as the sentimental equivalent of the tall clock and the high brass lamp. It would be a sensible plan, and one that would do away with a great deal of anxiety, to make a Christmas present rule, that would operate in a certain sense like a game law. It would be in perfect harmony with the most fastidious canons of good taste to have it understood by poor people that they must send their Christmas offerings by the twentieth of the month, to enable the wealthy recipients to make a conservative estimate of their intrinsic value, and thus be in a position to make the exchange on an honest, equitable basis. Poor people, not conforming to this law, should regard them-

selves as not entitled to a gift, and should look for one in vain. At heart many rich people are quite as penurious as are the poor, who take advantage of their position to send forth cheap gifts, just as the wealthy make a practice of presenting objects which even they can ill afford. Many so-called rich people who have more pride than Christmas spirit in the matter would be placed upon their pecuniary pins if they could for even one season exchange gifts with poorer people, who have and observe no code of ethics in the matter. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" was considered the highest idea of justice in ancient times, and why should not a cushion for a cushion, and a daintily beribboned blotting pad for a daintily beribboned blotting pad be quite as fair? So long as the unwritten law of Christmas gift making remains as it is to-day, the sofa cushion on the one side and the silver salad bowl on the other side will rule supreme. The sofa cushion is not even constructed on the honest plan of the Christmas turkey, for the stuffing has not the quality of the cover. Along in the somber days of November the æsthetic woman with refined ideas of art makes a ten-cent slip of canton flannel and stuffs it with hair which she takes from an old mattress. This she incases in a cover of terra-cotta silk constructed out of a couple of last summers shirt waists, puts on a bow of ribbon, and embroiders upon it an Arcadian scene of lambkins gamboling in a pasture, and pellucid brooks rippling musically along. And then she makes fine effects in Japanese silk covers for the bags of sage which are supposed to induce sleep and sweet forgetfulness. The

only real importance that attaches to her sofa cushion is that of fragile daintiness, which is so marked that no recipient feels like resting his head upon them for a postprandial reverie, for fear of dislocating their almost intangible beauty forever.

There are many other Christmas gifts whose cost is infinitely greater than that of sofa cushions, but which give less satisfaction, because the sofa cushion is capable of great things in the way of inducing comfort, and as such is closely related to the meerschaum pipe, the dear old carpet slippers, and the cast-off blouse with enameled lapels and perforated elbows. These are the Christmas gifts which the rich send to the poor. The judgment and discrimination of the rich are often at fault, as for instance in the striking illustration of the present of a pair of nickel-plated club skates to a boy with a club foot. Such a gift is a cruel reminder to the recipient of his affliction, even if the donor's intention was to convey to the boy the idea that his good qualities were so great that in contemplating them the one cruel physical defect was entirely forgotten. To present a handsome volume of Chopin's nocturnes to a woman who hasn't a piano is about as absurd as it would be to send a pair of opera glasses to a blind man, or a box of kid gloves to the Venus de Milo.

Novelties in presents always count for a great deal, and many objects not usually considered in the light of gifts may be wisely selected as such. A Christmas dinner is always acceptable, but few poor men ever receive them. Many receive a turkey, to be sure, but a turkey is not a dinner considered within the strict

limitations of the term. A turkey is a turkey, but it is not cranberry sauce, boiled onions, plum pudding, and the various other concomitants which go toward comprising a luxurious Christmas feast. Therefore a turkey is but a part of the gift it is intended to be. But now science gives us vest-pocket dinners, as they are popularly called. These dinners are contained in capsules, each one of which contains a course. A poor man with a large family may be presented with a capsule each for every member, of mock turtle soup, boiled salmon, roast turkey and other things. This method would be doubly charitable, as no coal is required to prepare the meal. The capsules are taken like medicine, from the soup to the coffee, and it will thus be seen that a family so supplied could spend Christmas in a continuous performance theater, and still enjoy the sumptuous family meal while gazing upon the spectacle of the contortionist in the act of winding his neck about his body, and peeping at the audience out of his ear. Soup capsules and beef tablets bid fair to become a permanent institution with the epicure and likewise with the domestic economist, because while they cheer and lift one to a realm of rosy dreams and fairy music, they do not require fine table linen—they do not even require a table, and, consequently, silverware would be as superfluous as would a waitress or a cook. A Christmas dinner could thus be enjoyed on the bicycle ridden by a toothless man, who, while coasting with the goose tablet melting in his mouth, would experience the pleasurable sensations of one gliding gently along on the rose-embroidered cloud of good digestion. Such a method of taking one's

meals would not be so apt to induce apoplexy as would the ordinary way, because the action of the bicycle would start the process of assimilation and digestion at once.

As a matter of fact, a Christmas dinner could be given in tablets to any distinguished man. The guests instead of seating themselves behind fine chinaware arranged on a flower-gemmed table could sit in groups about the open fireplaces of the club-room, and have the tablets arranged in order in a sort of checker-board fashion, so that they would not mix the whitefish and the red wine, and get the roast before the oysters, and the soup after the fruit. After partaking of all the tablets, from the blue points to the upland plover and the Nesselrode pudding, oratorical tablets could be taken, that anyone so indulging could unbosom himself in the highest style of art. The Chauncey Depew, Horace Porter and Bill Nye tablets would be in great demand by would-be funny men, when these acknowledged masters of the art of making people laugh, could not be present.

Imagine a family given over to bicycling, coasting at the rate of eighteen miles an hour down a long hill and eating their Christmas dinner tablets. Little Johnnie would fall off in a fit of indigestion at the foot of the hill because he had slyly eaten his tablet of ice cream first, and then his oysters. Papa would wobble on his wheel because he had taken too many cocktail tablets before eating his oysters. Frederick, the eldest son, would be found frenzied and pale, having taken too many cigarette tablets. And the fair Evalina would have to get off her wheel because she had made her entire meal of

candy tablets. Would we be any the merrier at Christmastide because of tablets? We might dine in balloons, or on skates, or while running to catch a suburban rapid transit train —but inevitably the old Christmas—the fanciful Dickens Christmas—would disappear. We would have to be jolly in some other way. Sooner or later the oysters and the ice cream would taste alike—there would be a lack of flavor to the soup—and flavor is half of life. The Depew tablet would sound like the Porter and Howland tablets—life would grow wearisome, we would long for another world.

Speaking of making people laugh through the medium of the Depew tablet, or the Porter or Nye tablet for that matter, I don't think one of them or a concretion of all of them would have made my old friend Jim Morse laugh, even at the Xmas season. It was the saddest time of the year to him, and now that he is dead—having passed away last Christmas day—it will be no breach of good form to give a brief history of his taking off. The trouble was he was very conscientious, and endeavored, though extremely poor, to give presents as fine and costly as those he received. To do this he often had to wear an overcoat two years beyond the period of its usefulness; and frequently in the late fall his wife would say:

"James, only a month now before Christmas—isn't it jolly!"

"Not at all," he would reply. "It only means that we must stop drinking wine and beer at dinner—I must come down from cigars to a clay pipe and take my luncheon to busi-

ness in a paper bag—to save for these dreadful Christmas presents that I can't afford to give, anyway."

The autumn before last Christmas he was in an unusually pessimistic mood, because he had learned that he was to become the recipient of a horse and carriage. He was particularly provoked, because he didn't care for horses and was not even the possessor of a stable. He was full of a dire foreboding all that fall, and a grim presentiment crept over him that they would all die that Christmas, and the Christmas bells would be their funeral knells, inasmuch as their economy was undermining their organs of digestion, and consequently their health.

"The idea," he said, "of having to live on mush and skim milk to save the money to give a rich aunt a pair of smoked-pearl opera glasses! I have a great mind not to send any presents at all. Then I shall get none next year, and all will be well."

It was then but a day or two before Christmas, and an occasional snowflake drifted through the ashen air.

"I shall be glad when the infernal nightmare is over," he said to his wife, who was standing sorrowfully at his side. "It is too horrible!"

Just then the expressman drove up, and Jim stepped out for the package. As he did so he slipped on some ice on the steps, and had to be carried in. He was in great agony, and the doctor said both his legs were broken, and he should be taken at once to the hospital. But his greatest agony was owing to the fact that the package he had gone forth to take

from the expressman, consisted of a pair of riding boots which by mistake the expressman brought to his house instead of to the man to whom they were sent, a few doors up the street. The poor fellow took cold on the way to the hospital and lost both legs, so that, if the riding boots had been for him, they would have been useless. He was doing very well, however, and on Christmas afternoon his wife went to see him. He was cheerful, though very weak. He smiled as she approached and raised himself to a sitting posture. She kissed him and whispered something in his ear.

The ruddy color faded quickly from his face, he pressed his hands madly against his throbbing temples, looked wildly about like one in a delirium, gave a sardonic gasp and fell back dead.

And his wife, in her incurable grief, to this day maintains that she was morally responsible for her poor husband's death, in telling him, though with the best intentions in the world, that Uncle Bill had just two hours before sent them a rosewood grand piano!

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

SEPARATION

I.

The sea moans in, the sea moans out,
And sad at heart I hear the shout
Of the fishermen still at work on the bay,
In the fading light of the dying day.

But my love sighs not. She makes no moan,
Her passionate heart seems changed to stone,
As she standeth there, so queenly and fair,
The sun's last circlet of gold on her hair.

II.

The sea moans in, the sea moans out,
And fainter, fainter grows each shout,
As drifting away with the tide and the light,
I leave my love, weeping alone in the night.

The sea moans in, the sea moans out.
No longer I hear the fishers' shout,
Only the sea gull's cry, like despair,
As she circles near on the evening air.
She soars away on pinions high
Into the vault of heaven's clear sky.

III.

Ah! memory still in my dreams shall come
A passionate cry for a voice now dumb,
But the sea will bring no answer,
  The gulls fly to and fro,
The pains of a human heartache
  Is never theirs to know.

EMILIE KEARNEY JONES.

THE TALE OF A CHRISTMAS DAY.

Denison Ripley was riding uptown on the front platform of a Sixth avenue horse car. Men with tin dinner pails were crossing from the side streets; a rotary street sweeper bumped along outside of the posts of the Elevated, and a dim row of red lanterns guarded a yawning excavation in the pavement. It was very early in the morning—the morning of Christmas day.

No one would have thought that Mr. Denison Ripley, with his black cape hiding his evening dress, and his fine shoulders thrown well back, had been drinking hard all night.

Mr. Ripley stood firm and erect beside the driver on the swaying front platform and felt at peace with himself and all the world. He had a warm, comfortable feeling, owing to two bracing brandy and sodas taken a few minutes since; he did not feel sleepy, and only experience reminded him that about four or five in the afternoon the wear and tear of the last few hours would begin to tell, and one brandy and soda would be insufficient to produce the warm, comfortable feeling again. In fact, at present Mr. Ripley was filled with a calm, delightful nervousness, and wished that he felt sleepy with all his heart.

"If I had been born with two cocktails in my system," he remarked thoughtfully, as he swung himself off the car and walked briskly toward Fifth avenue, "it would have saved me lots of trouble and some small expense."

Now, strange as it may seem, when Mr. Ripley felt the warm, comfortable feeling he

was in a philosophical, poetical and receptive state of mind. He could even listen to long and boring conversations with the most delightful interest. Thus he was popular, and drank frequently.

A gaunt black cat darted between his legs as he opened the front door of his bachelor apartment house. Although this was unusual, it did not disturb him in the least. His nerves were braced, and he said "Scat!" in the most cheerful and matter-of-fact way. Then he trotted lightly up numberless flights of stairs, not caring to waken the sleeping boy in the elevator, and entered his own "diggings."

The gas burned dim and blue from the handsome sconces on the wall, and he stopped to put it out and pull open the heavy silk curtains at the windows before he took off his coat. This done, he threw himself backward into a great, soft chair and lit a cigarette, calmly, as if he had just finished his dinner. Mr. Ripley smiled. There was no reason for smiling at all. In fact, there was no humor in the situation, which, in short, was this: Three years before he had come into a fortune represented approximately, on paper, by the figure one and five ciphers. That was three years ago. Now, if he had taken a pencil and recalled some simple arithmetic to his philosophical brain, he would have found out, by the process called subtraction, that he had now the figure one, followed by two ciphers, for a working capital. At present he thought it was something less than that amount. But he knew it was all there was left.

"I've had a good time," he mused, quite contentedly. "It had to come, I suppose."

Then he said, "Curse the luck!" in an even tone of voice, as if he had spoiled a white tie or lost his gloves.

Last evening he had started out to make some money. He had had an idea that he could make it by sitting on a high stool and watching a small ivory ball swing around a turbine wheel arrangement that had little numbered stalls on the edge—into which the ivory ball fell with the most insidious click and rattle. He could hear this fascinating sound now in his imagination. For a month Mr. Ripley—who was not a gambler, but a clubman gone wrong—had been the victim of a "system" that proved disastrously successful the first time he had tried it, and had missed connections by a very wide margin ever since.

Of course horses, and eating and drinking and other things—not forgetting a short excursion into the delusive pastures of Wall street—all had helped to erase the ciphers, one after another.

"Well, I've had a good time," he repeated aloud with a stubborn insistance as if he were arguing with a logical skeptic—"'*Dum vivimus, vivamus!*' We're only here on earth once." Having delivered himself of this last trite remark, he walked to the window.

It was a very high building, and the morning was now clear and bright. He could read the huge sky signs almost miles away, here and there on the avenues. The shores of New Jersey to the west and of Long Island to the eastward arose clear and plain. The deep note of the city's breathing roared up to him. He began to feel a premonition that this day was going to be different from other days; he

wished that there was somebody in the room to talk to. It is encouraging to talk one's own philosophy to other people.

"Yes," said Mr. Ripley, "I don't regret—I'd do it over again." Then he added: "Eh? Of course I would—I've had a good time." He began to realize that he would have to take a drink before very long. He must not admit a doubt of his philosophy for a moment.

The people moving on the sidewalks far below him amused him for some reason—their feet looked very large and he noticed how they had to balance themselves on one leg as they swung the other forward in walking. He dropped his cigarette out of the open window. It fell very slowly at first, twisting and whirling, until with a sudden swoop it dropped close to the building inside the iron railing. Mr. Ripley grew quite pale and drew back. With a thrill of relief and anticipation he remembered the bottles on the top shelf of the sideboard. The thought that had flashed into his mind was incompatible with philosophical reasoning, but as he watched that falling cigarette he had felt frightened.

"I don't think I'm well," he said, walking to the mirror and looking at his reflection. "Liver, probably," he added; "that's what is the matter."

Now, at the age of eight and twenty a man should no more know that he possesses a liver than that he possesses a carotid artery. Livers should only be allowed old gentlemen who dye their mustaches and curse their valets.

"Look like a mullet," he remarked to his double in the glass. Then he noticed for the first time that there was a telegram stuck into

the frame directly before his puffy, tired eyes. "Must have come last night," he said, opening it with his thumb. As he read it he grew pale and his philosophy forsook him entirely. He leaned forward on the dressing case. Never did ten words in an operator's careless hand mean more to any mortal man perhaps. They meant life, remorse, hope, forgiveness, sorrow, happiness, salvation, *wealth*. How carefully the ten words had been chosen: "Your grandfather died this morning, last will makes you heir." It was just like the old lawyer to economize on those ten words.

He tried to be calm; but there was no one to watch him, and he shook as if he were cold, and drew long breaths as if he had been exercising. Then he threw himself into the soft chair and leaned his head on the edge of the table, his arms sprawled out on either side.

If anyone had informed Mr. Ripley that he remained in that position without stirring for one hour he would have been surprised. But in that hour his brain worked as it never had before. Forces and thoughts that he had been unconscious of possessing awoke within him. "So the old man had forgiven him!—after all that had occurred! Why? Lord knows. But life was again before him—wealth was at his command. *Dum vivimus vivamus.* What was life, anyhow? What was death? What was God? What ordained things to happen? Why had he had such a good time? Was this enjoyment true? Could he have been mistaken? If not, he could start all over again! What can money buy? What is it worth? What am I?"

A thousand strange thoughts crowded

through his mind; but it is what Mr. Ripley did after he had lifted his red-marked forehead from the table that is interesting. He walked to the sideboard and took down a cut-glass decanter, then another and a third. Then he walked into the bathroom. The decanters coughed and choked as if they were giving up their life-blood, but he emptied them one after another into the porcelain bathtub. Mr. Ripley's lips were compressed and his head turned half away from the sight—the aroma made him shiver.

Coming back into the room he lit a fire and pulled open the drawers of his desk—photographs, letters, programs, invitations, cigarettes—in hopeless confusion. He opened a small drawer and there was a package tied up neatly with a ribbon. There was a photograph also, of a young girl with square, boyish shoulders and a truthful, laughing face under a wide straw hat. She had scribbled "Ha! Ha!" straight across the picture. There it was, in the same hand that had directed the letters in the ribbon-tied package. Mr. Ripley had been afraid to look at that picture and that ribbon for many months. They made him feel unphilosophical and sad—remorseful.

"Forgive me. Forgive me," he said, kissing the picture and holding the package of letters to his cheek. Then Mr. Ripley dropped them both and cursed himself in one deep, breathless sentence. There was no philosophy in that.

Hastily he grabbed up the contents of the desk lid and walked to the fire, which had already made the room uncomfortably warm—actress's pictures, dancers, pretty faces, shapely limbs,

billets doux, capitulations, engagements—he threw them one by one in the fireplace and watched them burn there.

"I'm sick of it—tired of it," he said over and over again. "By the Lord, I'm done! Done!" he exclaimed, as the last of the memorabilia curled up and blazed out into crisp black ashes. "I'm done with the whole rotten fabric. Done, damn you, hear it!" He shook his fist at the fireplace.

Mr. Ripley's nerves were in a bad state now; his hands trembled as he hurriedly changed his clothes, and the elevator boy was almost frightened at the expression in his eyes as he opened the door of the cage on the ground floor.

It was but a few blocks to the Park from the tall apartment house. He traversed these with a nervous, eager step; he walked along amid the perambulators and nurse girls without looking to one side or the other. Heaven! What a lot he must have drunk last night to make him feel like this. Even his knees felt weak, and there was a painful sensation at the base of his brain. But this was nothing to what was going to follow. Experience had taught him that there would come an empty, feverish feeling in his stomach, a fast, impatient beating at his heart if he thought of drink—a nervousness so distressing that his own thoughts frightened him. And then the thirst, the awful thirst. The fact was, that although Mr. Ripley had never staggered, so to speak, in his whole life, there were only two or three days in one whole year that had passed without "sip, sip," at regular intervals—until he felt gay or hungry, or sleepy. Until he felt *natural*, forsooth! Then he became a poetical,

convivial philosopher. "Hang sorrow. Care would kill a cat. *Dum vivimus, vivamus.*"

To-day, however, it was different. He felt as if he had just awakened (although he had not slept for nearly thirty hours) and there are men to whom the early wakening hours are fraught with a peculiar capacity for seeing true. They have not had time to argue—they value things for what they are worth. Then they get up, put on their costumes and go on acting, playing their little parts to their own supreme content, and, strange to say, deceiving others, as well as their own poor selves.

Thus it had been with Denison Ripley. He had interested himself always, but he had sense enough to keep his self-congratulation at home, and had only aired his philosophy to the world. He had enjoyed watching himself all dressed in his best suits; he breathed his own atmosphere, he listened to his own phrases. For the last few years he had taken himself with an alcoholic seriousness, mingled with a careless contentment that had passed muster for individuality. He had been a sham—and now he knew it.

Sitting there on the hard Park bench in the bright winter sunlight, he felt rotten to his bones. He wondered how he could look so neat and be so strong. He trembled from time to time, and once looked behind as if someone had hailed him. He realized that all he had to do would be to hasten out there on the avenue—to run with all his speed and say one magic word to the white-coated alchemist whose palace was on the corner—only one word.

"Pshaw, old chap, you need a drink," he could hear himself say to the itching, miserable

figure on the bench. Why not? The color would change and all go on as heretofore. But he did not move.

No snow had fallen, and a slight breeze ruffled the surface of the little artificial pond at the edge of the sloping grass plot. The edge was littered with dead leaves and melting cakes of ice. Some sparrows hopped over the patch and gazed at him. Until noon Mr. Ripley sat there thinking and poking holes in the ground with his stick, an object of interest to the nurse girls and of suspicion to the fat, gray-coated policeman near the bridle path. And all this time Mr. Ripley was feeling worse and growing stronger. He felt the photograph in his breast pocket and closed his fingers over it. Why had he been so blind? What were the rest? Beasts, vultures, or at most brilliantly plumaged birds that sang alluring songs, whose notes became more false and chilling as he learned the air they thrilled—the same old air. Why had he been so blind? Suddenly he remembered that he was still young, and he was rich, and it was Christmas!

At this Mr. Ripley arose, and gazing about him, noticed a small child of ten looking at him with great blue eyes. He put his hand on her head and tilted the round little face up toward his own, which, strange to say, was wet, as it had not been for years. He was no longer a philosopher.

Then he strode from the Park and down the avenue to his club. In the writing-room he opened the portfolio and the cover in falling touched the bell on the desk. Instantly his favorite waiter was beside him.

Mr. Ripley shivered again, clenched his

teeth, and at last he smiled—"Nothing," he said; "I rang the bell by accident."

Then he repeated his favorite motto beneath his breath: "*Dum vivimus, vivamus.*" But he gave the last word a peculiar accent, that was new to him.

JAMES BARNES.

MY LADY'S EYES.

From sunny slopes where breezes blow
I love to let my fancy go,
O'er lake and forest, field and town,
To where the misty sky shuts down.

So are your eyes a landscape fair,
And many a grace delights me there;
But more I seek, and yet would fain
A height untrod by mortal gain,
To see my land of promise lie
Like faint blue hills against the sky.

TALCOTT MINER BANKS.

CHRISTMAS LETTERS.

(From Miss Murray, at Vassar, to her brother at Yale.)

CHRISTMAS DAY, 18—.

DEAR TOM: You are quite right in saying that it was very shabby of our parents to go abroad this year and leave us at our respective colleges like inmates of some penal institution. The day we left them on the dock in New York, I thought they actually seemed pleased to get rid of us. They seemed like children out of school. To be sure, they are not either of them what we might call *sympatica*—they are so old-fashioned—but I confess I miss mamma and home life, just at this time, very much. One may be pardoned childish feelings at this childish season, when heredity insists on asserting itself over education. Last night as I was working over my thesis on marine plants my chum began to laugh. She said I was actually crying from homesickness. Think of it! *Me!* I really did find my glasses moist; but for me, with my plans and ambitious hopes, to be so under the influence of the season is so utterly absurd that it makes me smile as I write you. I know how *you* will laugh at me, though I well recall your gloomy letters from the Yale hospital when you were laid up last year with your poor broken ribs after the Harvard football game. Even *you*, Tom, were homesick then—confess it!

I hoped that you would be able to come to me for the vacation. I could have spared you at least an hour in the morning, and in the afternoon (you know I am using this valuable

holiday time in cramming on the Biology prize) you might have enjoyed taking long walks, and the skating on the river. I refused two invitations to go to New York, the Dearings and the Groves. There would have been theaters and dances galore, heigho! I don't care for that sort of thing now. Yesterday I worked at my desk thirteen hours, and one night this week I sat up till four. Am I not "a worker?" Won't you be proud of me when I come home next summer with the Biological prize, and my name in all the scientific periodicals of the country? One of our most famous professors, Miss McCarthy, the intimate friend of Professor Seguin, the renowned Egyptologist, one of the greatest minds in Europe, told me that a paper I read last term in physics (Cerebro-magnets) was worthy of herself—*think of it!* She is the celebrity who met Professor Huxley in London, and told him that she disagreed with him utterly on the miracle question! But, Tom do write to your sister occasionally, and tell me all that I want to know. I regret exceedingly that you did not choose the scientific course—we would have had much more in common. Virgil and Homer and Horace—how useless to us in this work-a-day world! But I won't revive our old dispute. I am *so* glad that in the base ball contests last fall with Oxford Yale won, and that Harvard has refused to play Cambridge and Princeton. I hope I have got this right—athletics never interested me very much. Do write me, Tom. Did you get the set of Matthew Arnold I sent you?

With merry Christmas and lots of love,

Your sister, ALICE.

P. S.—Your last was very gloomy. What's the matter?

(To Mr. Thomas Murray from Professor Jackson, his division officer.)

YALE COLLEGE, December 24, 189—.

DEAR SIR: You are hereby notified that the Faculty, in consideration of your previous general good conduct, have reconsidered the motion to drop you from the class of 'umpty-seven and have recommended that your conditions be made up at the opening of the winter term, and if so you may be reinstated in your class.

Yours truly, C. E. JACKSON.

N. B.—I shall be glad to be of any personal assistance I can. C. E. J.

(From Jack Scot, of 'umpty-seven, to a classmate.)

73 WEST ——,
NEW YORK, December 24.

DEAR OLD TOM: You have made my Christmas a dull blank. I thought you would come, of course. We have a dance at the Grove's to-night—it was to be in your sister Alice's honor, but she, too, has deserted us. Then we go tobogganing to-morrow at Orange, and a dinner afterward and theater. I'm so sorry—but you know best. If you've *got* to work all this vacation why *work*, but when I think it was because of your devotion to Yale that you got those conditions, and that if it hadn't been for you, Yale would have been beaten, it makes me despise the faculty. All the same, everyone sends love. Father says it's a shame, and wasn't so in *his* day. Good-bye, dear old boy. Yours,

JACK.

(From the Athletic Committee Y. U. A. A. to Mr. Thomas Murray.)

COMMITTEE ROOMS,
YALE COLLEGE, December 23.

DEAR SIR: You will kindly acknowledge receipt of souvenir trophy sent herewith, the Smith Silver Cup, for best performance one mile run, beating intercollegiate record, May meeting, 189—.

The committee request that the cup be placed in the gymnasium trophy room, and beg leave to state that the cup has only recently been finished, which accounts for the delay in sending it to you.

Yours truly,
JAMES M. CULVER,
for the Committee, etc.

(From Katharine Scot, of New York, to a Yale Student.)

NEW YORK, December 27.

DEAR MR. MURRAY: This is the fifth letter I have written you and I have six of yours hidden away in my desk. What *would* mamma say? You don't *know* how much papa misses you. He keeps talking about you *every* moment. He stormed about and actually *swore* when Jack told him about your horrid condition and said it was not so in his day, "when Plancus was consul," as he says.

We have been very gay this week and are so sorry Alice is not here to enjoy it all. A dance every night, and we are all worn to the bone. Wild horses could not drag me out to-night—it is a fearful storm—and somehow—I—I couldn't help thinking about you all alone in your solitary college room studying your poor

head until it aches. Though after seeing that Princeton game I don't see how you can have any head left! Wasn't it awful!

Oh, of course, we are all coming up to the prom. and you shall make up for your *sad*, unhappy Christmas. I'm glad you liked my little present. I shall not dare to wear *yours*. No, Mr. Murray, I do not think you are *too* forward, because you see we are such *old* friends. The ring is very pretty, but I have a superstition about moonstones. I wear the ring in secret. I do not dare show it to any one but Fanny Grove. Do you think the prom. will be as nice as last year's? I had the nicest time in my life there, and you and I had never met before! You do not answer my request to you that you will not play football any more in college. I am *so* afraid you will not consent to do this. It seems such a *little* thing to ask of you. Jack says you are the greatest player on the team and that the college can't think of your not playing; but *I* ask it. With regards and esteem, Your *friend*,

KATHARINE A. SCOT.

P. S.—Mr. Beckwith, a Princeton man, has called here *four* times this last week.

(From Mr. Nathaniel Murray to his son at college.)

FLORENCE, Italy, December 25.

MY DEAR SON: This is Christmas day, and your mother and I are busily engaged writing letters and trying to feel we are not so far away from our son and daughter. You, my boy, do not seem to find time for correspondence. You have not written a word since October. Your

mother and I have been able to trace you only through the newspapers, which are sent regularly from New York by my secretary. I saw by the papers of November 3 that you had again wrenched your left knee in a game with Amherst. My dear boy, you don't know how anxious the news made your mother. A later paper stated that you were all right, and we were pleased at the good showing you made in the game with the Crescents. You seemed to be very much in the game with West Point also, so that your mother and I conclude that you are your old self again. Were it not for the newspapers, which make so much of college football, I don't think we should know any thing about you. I think if you will do so, I should be glad to have the weekly *Yale News* sent me. . . . Alice seems to me to be working too hard at Vassar. She is after some sort of a biological prize, I believe. At this season of holiday happiness it seems to your mother and to me exceedingly curious that a girl of her fine appearance and her love of society can give it all up for study. She writes that you, too, Tom, have determined to spend the Christmas holidays in study; is not this something strange for you? Truly I have ambitious children! We love you both so much—we long to see you. Your mother is homesick to see you. I found her crying yesterday, and she asked me how I could have taken her away from home at this season! As for me, I am now entirely well. Three months of travel and good rest have made a new man of me. I shall go back to work with renewed zest. We shall shorten our trip and give up Egypt, as your mother cannot bring herself to be away from

you any longer. I confess I too miss you and Alice, Tom, very much. There is one thing my old friend and college chum Scot said about you that always pleased me: "Tom is a boy you can depend on." I presume all Yale thought so too from what the papers said after the Princeton game! Do write, Tom! Think of it—I have written you every week; can't I depend on my son for *one* letter in two months?

I must say that I am grateful enough to the newspapers for giving me an almost daily account of my great "football son"! Seriously, I often wonder what college athletics are coming to in America. Such crowds as gather at your contests! So much newspaper talk! Your bad knee was commented on editorially by two New York papers, I noticed! Really, Tom, are you boys not carrying things to excess? In my day college sports were very limited in quantity, and I suppose you would consider the quality very bad indeed. But I do not complain of sport so much this year, because I manage by this notoriety of yours (you are as famous as you probably ever will be in your life, my boy) to keep your mother well informed of your doings. But be a good boy, my dear Tom, and write all about yourself, your hopes and your aims.

Remember me to my old friend Professor Jackson. Be sure and call regularly on Professor Wilkins's family. Send to my secretary if you need money. He writes that your bills are very light, as you are in "training." If this means less beer, ale, cigars—then keep on training. A broken rib now and then is worth it all. . . .

YOUR LOVING FATHER.

(From Mrs. Murray to her daughter Alice, at Vassar.)

FLORENCE, December 25.

DEAREST ALICE: My heart is with you every hour of the day. I long to see my children as the psalmist says the hart panteth for the water brooks. I am counting the days until I shall see you, my darling girl, my own daughter. And the agonies I have undergone over Tom! Only the dear American newspapers—no letters from that bad, delightful, wicked, darling boy—have given us news of him. His picture in the *Herald* was very good, but his hair is shocking! He looks like a mop! And I am glad the football season is over and there are no more athletics for a period. Your father says he's glad of Tom's being on the football nine, as he can keep tab on him. But mercy! Will he have any arms and legs left? Your father read me an account of the Harvard game, and I took to my bed in Venice with one of my old neuralgia attacks. I am *so* glad that Vassar isn't playing football with Wellesley or Bryn Mawr. I shall expect to see you, dear, with your usual complement of members. How is your music, Alice, and your French? French is *so* necessary over here. When I get back we will write in French to each other. We went to a reception last night at Lord Donep's. We are going to Prince Cassima's ball to-night. I am dancing with *princes* and only the *highest* diplomats. Really, the gay uniforms, the clashing swords, the bright colors, are very fascinating, and the balls over here are very exciting, only the dancing is universally poor. *Such ridiculous* prancings and leapings! and the Mephistophe-

lean Italian noblemen in their pointed beards really, to me, look like so many monkeys!

But here it is Christmas—the blessed season—sweet season of the whole year, and we are far away from our beloved ones. How dreary the dear old place in Orange must look! You are good about writing, Alice, but your letters are dreadfully short—they tell me almost nothing. It breaks my heart to think of you at Vassar in *the vacation*. Poor child! It shall be made up to you. We shall stay three weeks in Paris and I have planned four new dresses for you, besides half a dozen hats. As for you *lingerie*, I have ordered at Mlle. Dupaix' . . . Good-by, dearest Alice.

YOUR MOTHER.

P. S.—Your father has bought you a pearl necklace as a Christmas present, but don't let him know I have told you as he means to surprise you with it.

(From C. S. Johnson & Co.'s, New York, to Mr. Thomas Murray, New Haven.)

—— BROADWAY, December 28.

DEAR SIR: Inclosed find bill $25 for flowers sent as ordered. Please remit.

Yours truly,

C. S. JOHNSON & Co.

(From Toofunny & Co., to the same.)

(Duplicate.)

DEAR SIR: We have twice requested you to remit $150 for one diamond ring. . .

(Extracts from letters from Miss Katharine Scot to Mr. Thomas Murray.)

1.

. . . The flowers were simply heavenly;

and what can I say to your last note? . . . Really, you ought not to address me by my first name until—I don't know what I am writing you. . . .

2.

. . . Can't you wait and get my answer when I come up for the prom.? At least, you might come to New York for next Sunday. . . .

3.

. . . Oh, Tom—how wonderful it all is! I always suspected you of caring for me, but I never *once* thought of *you*. . . . Mamma is perfectly delighted. She hasn't told papa or anyone yet. I think of you all the *whole* time. The ring is too sweet. . . .

(Surprising cuttings from a New York newspaper, date of February 15, read in Paris by Mr. and Mrs. Murray, at the Grande Hotel, on the eve of their return to America.)

Under College Notes: Miss Alice Murray, who successfully competed for the Jones biological prize of $100 at Vassar, is the sister of the famous football half-back, Tom Murray, of Yale. Brains and pluck seem to be conspicuous in Judge Murray's family.

Under Society Gossip: Mr. Thomas Murray, the celebrated half-back, is reported as engaged to the beautiful Miss Scot, of —— West ——— street. Their marriage will take place on Mr. Murray's graduation from Yale the ensuing summer. The fathers of the young couple are old neighbors and college chums.

E. L. Hall.

LIFE.

Launched in the darkness on an unknown sea,
A plaything of the winds and waves, I drift,
And ponder what the shores of Life may be—
What harbor welcome when the shadows lift.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

LIFE.

Impatient for the bugle calls of strife,
We fret, and rail, and beat our breasts, perchance,
'Gainst what to us seems petty circumstance,
Unwitting all the while that it is life.

ROBERT ADGER BOWEN.

A COLLEGE CHRISTMAS.

"Hard lines."

"Homer's or Virgil's?"

"Can't go home Christmas."

"Neither can I."

"That makes it worse; two poor fellows instead of one."

"Oh, but they'll make it up to us. They'll send us things. Is your mother the kind that sends you what you want, or does she send you what she wants you to want?"

"I'm afraid she'll send me a picture of the Madonna, or a thermometer for my room, or a pair of slippers; and what I want is—well, a check would answer every purpose."

"Oh, never mind! There'll be something—an extra pie, or a pair of warm wristers, and perhaps the governor'll send you a box of cigars to last you through the winter term, so that you won't smoke cigarettes. I say, did you ever notice on great occasions—birthdays and such—how gently the old people let up on our foibles? If they only knew how it pleased us, they'd do it oftener. Why, once when I was young——"

"Last year?"

"Farther back than that—freshman; the governor sent me a pipe and a lot of capital tobacco. If there is anything in the world he disapproves of it is a pipe; and I declare I was so affected by it that for a whole week I couldn't do anything I thought the old gentleman wouldn't like, to save my soul."

"Lose it, you mean."

"But why are you so keen about going home just this time?"

"Well, what is a home for if it isn't to go to?"

"Remember that, my boy, next time you're at Savelli's about midnight! No, there's something up; what is her name?"

"Margaret. And she is the prettiest girl you ever saw; and if I were at home next week I should be practicing with her every day love-scenes in some private theatricals."

"No, you wouldn't. Your sisters would give some other fellow—me, probably—the chance, and they'd expect you to make yourself useful; fetching step-ladders and nailing up curtains that won't run and going round to the neighbors after properties and seeing the wrong girl home. There are times when it isn't a good plan to look at the bright side of things. This is one of them. Forget the girl and remember the step-ladder."

"Well, we must do something. There are six of us Westerners stranded here; we must all dine together somewhere. Misery loves company."

"Yes; but misery doesn't love its *own* company, nor miserable company. We had much better each be invited by some hospitable millionaire to sit beside his daughter at his own fireside, and partake of *his* turkey and mistletoe."

"Who is looking on the bright side now?"

"I am. It is quite proper in my case, because I am looking forward to the future with hope, while you were looking backward at the past with regret."

"So, then, old man, you're going in for money?"

"Not at all. I merely follow Calmire's advice: 'Of course, don't marry for money; but be careful about being too intimate with girls who haven't any.'"

"I comprehend that you have received an invitation."

"Not yet; but I propose that we all call on our eligible acquaintances, state casually our desperate condition and get taken in."

"It won't work; I tried it last week; called on every soul I had a bowing acquaintance with, and they were all going to have family dinner-parties, or were going out of town."

"I should have no objection to going out of town with them. House parties in the country are charming——"

"Remember the step-ladder!"

"And collegians are usually in demand. I wonder why we're are at a discount at just this particular time?"

"Oh, well, we must get over it as best we can; have a feast and sing ourselves hoarse, with a chorus: 'What is home without the other?' If we make believe *very* hard, like the little marchioness, perhaps we can manage to enjoy ourselves a little bit."

"I say, wouldn't it be a joke to invite Old Chummy round? He's a little worse off than the rest of us. He hasn't any home at all to go to, and we have one so far West that it is inaccessible."

"Do you think he'd like it?"

"Of course he'd like it. Shouldn't we like it to be invited anywhere under the sun? I'll tackle him to-night."

And the Junior kept his word, and appeared about nine o'clock at the boarding-house of Pro-

fessor Wentworth, popularly known as "Old Chummy" because of all their instructors at the university he was the one the students could least imagine themselves hobnobbing with.

"You see, Professor, six of us wild and wooly Westerners can't go home, and we thought we'd dine somewhere——"

"Do you not usually dine somewhere?"

"Not so royally as we propose to now. And we thought, maybe, Professor, you would come round to the feast with us?"

"That would be pleasant. I can think of only one thing that would be pleasanter, which would be for me to be able to invite you. I wish I had a big house——"

"Oh, that's all right! You'll come?"

"Are you sure I shouldn't dampen your fun?"

"Quite sure. Nothing but champagne ever dampens *our* ardor. And I hope a little hilarity wouldn't offend you, Professor? The *menu* will be good, I know; there'll be a turkey and a pudding and things; nothing halfway; even the oysters will be on a whole shell. But the feast of reason, and especially the flow of soul will be tremendous — do you think you could——?"

"Yes, I think I could," said the Professor dryly, smiling. "That is, I think I can stand it if you can."

"True, we should be the ones with a headache the next morning. And it might interest you. You know an army officer said he enjoyed Kipling's barrack stories, not because he could vouch for their truth, but because they told him about his men's life just the things he never could find out. You don't often get an opportunity to see us off duty, Professor."

"No; but there is this difference between your army officer and me; he never had lived in barracks, while I was once a student and had some experiences——"

"Will you tell us about them, sir?" asked the Genial One eagerly, for he scented a story.

"Perhaps," said the Professor gently. "I'll see about that!"

Preparations for the Christmas feast went merrily on.

"I've only one suggestion," said Sinclair, Jr. "Don't put for a motto on the *menu* cards: 'Let good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both.' I'm rather tired of that at feasts."

"We won't. Considering the mingled melancholy and hilarity of the occasion, and all it is meant to take the place of, I think we'd better have Virgil for a motto: '*Haec et olim meminisse juvabit.*'"

"Or we might put, 'What are you giving us?' as the legend for these rather defective and depressing Christmas refreshments."

The *menu* was carefully prepared, and the cards brilliantly illuminated. The courage and confidence with which the artist emblazoned "*Home Dainties*" as one of the courses, before any dainty had arrived from any home, showed the most beautiful and filial confidence in parental sympathy. Intended guests were reminded in good Homeric Greek that "it was now the time of day when the weary woodcutter lays aside his axe and begins to prepare his noonday meal." Solicitous parents and guardians were informed that libations would be poured to Apollo, which, of course, would only be appropriate in harmless Apollinaris;

whether anything else would also be poured was not stated, though brief allusion to a Bacchus-Laureate address created some suspicion. The "Roast Ducks" were not to be of the "*femina facti*" variety described by Virgil. "Salad Days" were to be dressed with "Midnight Oil," sprinkled of course with Attic salt. Quail on toast would be one of the toasts "To the Absent." The Saddle of Mutton would be served with *Pommel-de-terre*. Nothing would be "in the soup" but the very choicest bones, including a wish-bone. Not a cranberry was forgotten. The plum-pudding would be burning, but not burnt. There would be only one skeleton at the feast—that of the turkey. Nuts would be on the half-shell, and *raisons-d'etre* thick as plums in the pudding. The guests would be American, the language English, the cooks French, the music Spanish and Italian, the mottoes Latin and Greek, the cigars Cuban, the *bon-mots* and *bon-bons* Parisian, the coffee Arabic, and the meal brought to a close by the German "*Gesegnete Mahlzeit*," to be followed possibly by an "owed." But sufficient after the day would be the evil thereof.

The day arrived; also the hour; likewise the Professor. When he had been escorted to his place while the band exclaimed, with Glee Club accuracy of syllabic pronunciation, "*Hail! to! the! Chief!*"—the Genial One said gracefully: "One moment, gentlemen; before we sit down, I propose that we send a telegram to our respective homes." Applause followed the suggestion, blanks were produced, messenger boys appeared, phrases were multiplied and opinions divided; but it was finally decided to

send the same message to each particular home:

"We are not yet celebrated, but we are celebrating.
THE BOYS."

It was not an altogether unhappy meal, in spite of the circumstances. When all the toasts, including those with quail on them, had been given, the Genial One announced that he suspected the Professor of a story concealed about his person, which he knew the audience would be delighted to listen to. As the Professor rose, however, amid great applause, he said:

"'The Professor's Story' was written long ago by the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and so could not be meant for a dinner-table, besides having been infinitely better done by Dr. Holmes than it could possibly be by me. But it is quite true that I have something with me" (feeling in his pockets, amid cries of "Hear! Hear!"). "Unfortunately, it does not seem to be here, young gentlemen; in fact (feeling in another pocket), "it seems to be neither here nor there; ah, yes! I have it!" and drawing forth a roll of sheets from another pocket, he continued:

"In some way it was evidently noised abroad that I was to be at this dinner; and there have been sent me by your respected and respective parents various letters and telegrams, to be delivered to you at the dinner, but not until after dinner. With your permission I will read them aloud."

Unanimous consent being given, the Professor tipped his learned spectacles over his nose and began as follows:

"The first is from Mr. Selwyn, pater, to

Mr. Selwyn, filius, and reads: Inclosed please find fifty dollars, for expenses of dinner."

(Great applause.)

The next is from my old friend Marvin, Senior, to Marvin, Junior. "Drink my health in Extra Dry. Inclosed find check for $100."

(Immense and long-continued shouts of applause.)

"The next is from Mr. Henry S. Lane to Henry, Jr. "Send me all bills, including the doctor's."

(Shrieks of delight and laughter.)

The Professor then read a number of similar letters, and closed with the following remarks: "You see, gentlemen, you have here all told nearly $400 over and above the cost of this dinner. Will you take the kindly-meant advice of one much older? I won't speak further. I won't say another word, but will you all put on your hats and coats and follow me? I think I can show you how to best spend this Christmas money."

Surprised, and wondering what was the drift of the dry old Professor's after-dinner speech, each hurriedly put on his overcoat and hat, and followed the old gentleman out into the cold, starlit night.

The snow lay a foot deep on the campus, and the moonlight lit up the frosty panes of the old row of brick dormitories until they glowed as if incandescent. All was still with the stillness of vacation at college, and only one window up on the fourth floor of old north middle was lit up. The loneliness of this one lighted window in the vast old building struck all the students at once.

"Poor old Martin! We might have asked

him to our Christmas feast!" exclaimed Selwyn.

"He would have been a ghost at the feast!" laughed another.

The Professor entered the door of the north middle entry, and cautioning everyone to be as quiet as possible, mounted the stairs.

Arriving on the top floor, he made his way to Martin's door, and gently opened it without knocking.

The student's room was bare, and sparsely furnished. There was no carpet on the floor, and very little fire in the old coal-stove.

A thin, emaciated boy sat before the table, with his head bowed down on his arms, as if asleep. In front of him was an open Latin dictionary, a worn copy of Suetonius, an old dogs-eared Iliad. The scene brought tears to the eyes of the lads as they stood there in perfect silence. Poor Martin! What a sad Christmas for him! It was known that he had no home —that he was an orphan, and it was known that he had a tremendous pride, and that he stood at the head of his class; but nothing else was known about him.

Slowly and gently the Professor closed the door and back the students filed to the cheery dinner table.

"Gentlemen," said the old Professor in a husky voice, "Martin will be obliged to forego his college course for the need of just about $400—er—er—he's a fine scholar, gentlemen —and it would be a pity—er——"

Here the Professor's speech was interrupted. A motion was rapidly and unanimously passed to make over the parental presents to Martin. These resolutions were nicely written out, and

inclosed with the money, and slipped under Martin's door. How happy it made the poor homeless lad, how tearfully he thanked his friends, how well he deserved the gift, how proud his college has ever been of him—that, as Kipling says, "is quite another story."

ALICE W. ROLLINS.

BEYOND THE MUSIC.

When moved by music there is something more,
Beyond the art, than what the artists sing:
Along the wood and string the voices ring
Melodiously, and open many a door
Of sweet access, and glad along the score
My spirit flies for entrance—lo, the wing
Of fantasy is stayed, and may not bring
To perfect light the eager soul it bore!
I traveled through the lives of many men,
Seeking the gleam of their far isles of gold;
I sought the elfinland of book and song,
That smilingly retreated from my ken;
But still behind the harmonies unrolled,
Fair portals open to a glorious throng!

EDWIN MANNERS.

DIXIANA.

The other day I had the pleasure of looking over a collection of papers and pamphlets written and published in the South during the late war. The collector is a Southern gentleman, now residing in New York City. He has been some years gathering what is known as "Dixiana." His collection is far from complete, but it is curious evidence of the literary activity that prevailed in many of the Southern States during a period of storm and stress.

Few people in the North, and for that matter not many people in the South, know or remember much about the different literary enterprises that flourished for awhile under the Confederacy. The literary history of the South from 1860–65 is not by any means a blank. When the various poetical and prose writings and the old papers come to be resurrected it will be found that there was considerable literary industry at a time when

"There was war in the skies!"

Indeed, it is surprising to find men ready and willing to start a new magazine or a new weekly in the midst of a war. It is significant that few purely literary enterprises were started in any of the Northern cities during the war. Perhaps no more striking evidence of the intellectual status of the Southern people can be found than in the fact that they published and desired literature when they were engaged in a life and death struggle. I do not refer to the newspapers. Such papers as the Richmond *Enquirer* and the Richmond *Whig* devoted more or less space to literature.

In the last-named paper there was a standing notice that one dollar a line would be paid for "poetry."

Let us notice, briefly, some of the more prominent literary publications in this collection of "Dixiana." Here we find almost a complete set of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. When the war broke out this magazine was one of the three first-class literary monthlies published in the United States. The other two were the *North American Review*, established near the beginning of the century, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, which was founded several years before the war.

At that time the *Messenger* had been in existence more than twenty-five years. It was the favorite periodical of the Southern people, because the writings of its best men had appeared in its pages. It was in the *Messenger* that several of the famous stories of Edgar Allen Poe were first printed. This brilliant, but erratic, genius had been its editor. Then it was edited by John R. Thompson, a man of strong individuality, and, perhaps, the best critic of the South. He was succeeded by Dr. George W. Bagby. The magazine was not a paying property when the war broke out. It soon began to run down; original contributions were scarce, subscribers scarcer. What little was left of the *Messenger* was sold to Messrs. Weddeburn & Alfriend in 1864, and the next year the time-honored periodical ceased to exist.

If you look through the "war numbers" of the *Messenger* you will be surprised to find so little reference or mention made of the great conflict. True, there are war poems and war stories, but any discussion of the issues involved,

or any reflection on the parties, do not seem to have found any place in its pages.

One number only of a monthly magazine, which took its name from the publishers, Smith & Barron, was issued in 1864. The editor was Chas. P. Dimitry, who was one of the vigorous writers of the South during the war. He belonged to a family of writers. Prof. Alexander Dimitry, of New Orleans, was a distinguished scholar and prominent in educational matters of his State. His sons, John and Charles Dimitry, are well-known Southern authors, while his daughter, Mrs. Virginia Dimitry Ruth, has written a book of poetry and a novel. The Smith & Barron *Monthly Magazine* was modeled after *Blackwood's*, and had a similar cover for the outside.

The *Southern Field and Fireside* is the name of a publication that was issued during the war at Atlanta. It was supposed to come out monthly, but after awhile it refused to come out at all. Just how many numbers of the *Field and Fireside* were issued I am unable to say.

Three numbers of a periodical called *The Age* were issued in 1863. They are distinguished from most of the other Southern publications of war time by being neatly printed on rather white paper.

Another monthly is worthy of mention here, because in its second number appeared that stirring poem, "Zollicoffer," written by Henry Flash. This monthly was published by two printers, Messrs. Hutton & Freleigh, at Memphis, during the first year of the war. It is known by their names. Three numbers only are known to have appeared.

Of the weekly publications in the South during the war two will be remembered by many Southern people. They are the *Illustrated News* and the *Magnolia Weekly*. These two weeklies were strong rivals, and made many bids for public favor and patronage.

The *Magnolia Weekly* offered in 1863 a prize of $500 for the best continued story. It was won by Charles P. Dimitry, who afterward became the editor of the *Weekly*. Then the *News* offered $1,000 for the best serial story. This time the prize went to a lady, Miss Mary Hawes. Her story, entitled "The Rivals," was a story of the war.

The *Illustrated News* was a weak imitator of *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's*. Considering its resources, it made a fair showing. The typographical appearance of the *News* is bad, because it is printed on wretched paper with poor ink. The portrait of a Confederate general adorned the front page of each number. The wood-cuts are often spirited, but, of course, blurred. Many of them were drawn by W. L. Sheppard, an artist whose clever sketches of Southern life and character, especially of the "darky," has since won for him fame and fortune.

From a literary point of view the *Magnolia Weekly* surpassed its rival. It secured original contributions from such writers as William Gilmore Simms, Henry Timrod, Schele De Vere, John Esten Cooke and others. The *Magnolia Weekly* was at first a four-page and latterly an eight-page paper. The *News* was also eight pages. Unlike most of their contemporaries, these two weekly papers came out very regularly. Oddly enough, both the *Mag-*

nolia Weekly and its rival the *News* met the same fate, at the same time and in the same way. The offices of both papers were destroyed by the great fire which broke out in April, 1865, after the Federal troops occupied Richmond. Thus the careers of two well-edited and interesting war papers came to a close.

Such, then, are some of the literary enterprises that flourished for a brief time in the South during the war.

They are a few only of the ephemeral publications that flashed, and then went out. One of the magazines that exerted a great influence upon Southern literature was *De Bow's Review*. It was published for many years at New Orleans. From its pages one can gain a better, truer idea of the "Old South" than from any other source. In one of the last numbers of this *Review* there is a list of the papers and periodicals published throughout the Southern States in 1861. To this list should be added the publications from 1861 to 1866.

No one, as far as I know, has ever compiled a complete "Dixiana." Most all Confederate publications are rare. Many are worth their weight in gold. Some of them have disappeared completely. They exist only in name. Now and then some prying individual prowling in the garret of a Southern home, or a bookworm grubbing in the dark corners of a second-hand book shop, brings to light one of these curious relics of literary activity in the South.

You should see how some of the Confederate books and papers were printed. Just think of having your newspaper figured and flowered on one side, and blurred with bad lettering on the

other side. The printers could not help it. They did the best they could with wallpaper.

The subscription price of Confederate publications was rather high. The price of the monthlies was about $10 a year. Toward the end of the war the editor was obliged to ask $20 a year. The subscribers paid what was equivalent to $40. The Richmond dailies were sold at the rate of $30 a year. Later on the mails were cut off from the South Atlantic and Gulf coast States, and the Richmond dailies could not be had for love or money.

The man who could afford a paper was regarded as a bloated bondholder, although the bonds after awhile would not call for as much as newspapers. The subscribers read and re-read, studied and pondered over every line in their valuable and costly paper, which passed through so many hands that usually it was torn into fragments, and then the pieces were seized and greedily devoured. It would be interesting, perhaps, to give some of the quaint and curious things that appear in "Dixiana." They possess no great literary merit, but they show that even amid the thunders of war literature will have its charm for some people. At the time when Gen. Sherman was marching through Georgia, when the Southern armies were being scattered, when the cause was lost—at such a time men and women were writing essays and stories, and poets were polishing their verses. A great war is detrimental to the highest literary art, but it may be the means of bringing out a battle song, a stirring lyric or an eloquent oration. The most enduring works are most often matured in times of peace and quiet.

L. J. VANCE.

FOUR WOMEN.

Mary Stuart.

Against the splendor of thy lustrous sun
Men threw their souls as feathers 'fore a flame;
Careless of life, of death, of honor's name,
So from thy lips a radiant smile be won.

Lady Macbeth.

Heroic heart: alas, thou knewest how sweet
It was to love the babe that milked thy breast!
For love thou gavest thy soul: and, for the rest,
Saw hell and all its horrors at thy feet.

Cleopatra.

Ah, what availeth now thine orient charms,
Though decked in all thy purple pomp of pride!
Love spurns at last his too oft cheapened bride,
And Death, triumphant, leaps into thine arms.

Beatrice Cenci.

Abysmal was the horror where thou shed'st
A fatal gleam by lurid murder lit!
Men hush their voices as they speak of it,
That horror which thou fleeing, vainly fled'st.

ROBERT ADGER BOWEN.

COMMENTS ON UNIVERSITY NEWS.

CONDUCTED BY EDWARD S. MARTIN.

THE FIRE at the University of Virginia at Charlottesville on the morning of October 28 was a national misfortune. It started in the annex to the rotunda, and brought down before it finished both rotunda and annex. Charlottesville, it seems, has no fire apparatus, and this fire was fought chiefly by a bucket brigade. Zeal was not wanting, and it seems to have been due to the work with buckets that all the near-by pavilions and dormitories were not burnt up. But zeal could not save the rotunda. About a third of the 63,000 volumes in its library were saved, and some of its paintings and other valuable and interesting property, but the loss, estimated in money at $200,000, includes much that cannot be replaced. The rotunda was in the nature of a monument to Jefferson, and was built from plans that he made, and was completed during his lifetime and under his supervision. It was opened in 1825, and in the following year a reception was held in it, at which Lafayette was present. The carved marble pillars used in its construction were brought from Italy. It is doubtful whether there is a college building left in America which is as interesting as this rotunda at Charlottesville. No doubt there is something left of it, and possibly it can be restored, but from all accounts the fire seems to have made a pretty thorough job.

The University of Virginia is the strongest educational institution in the South, and has

many alumni who are stirring energetically to make good its losses. Public meetings in its behalf have been held in Richmond and in Washington, and considerable sums have already been subscribed toward a restoration fund. A committee of the faculty of the university has issued to the alumni and other friends of the institution an address, which states that $346,000 is needed for restoration purposes, of which $58,000 is coming from insurance and from the Fayerweather and other bequests. The committee estimates that the reconstruction of the rotunda and its wings will cost $80,000; the annex, with its hall, lecture rooms and offices, $90,000; a new physics and engineering department, $56,000; a law building, $20,000, and books to replenish the library, $50,000. The committee should include in its estimate whatever sum is needed to buy a good fire engine. That is one of the very first investments the university should make. The legislature of Virginia will be invited to do something for the university, and will doubtless respond.

It is interesting to find it stated as one of the reasons for an awakened interest (vulgarly called a "boom") in the work of the Yale Union that society honors have lately been won, almost for the first time, by a Yale student for excellence in debate. The Union has a new debating hall and that has helped it; Yale has been out-debated by Harvard for several years and there is a sentiment at Yale against letting Harvard ever win at anything, and that too has helped; but it is easy to believe that the fact that an expert orator has been taken into a desirable society on account of his oratory is

probably the most stimulating and helpful fact of all. The understanding of the extra-Yale barbarians about the Yale society system is that Yale men get into societies—especially the three senior societies—because they are "prominent," and that they are prominent because they excel their fellows in some sphere of activity which is recognized to be worthy. Thus the crack athletes usually get into senior societies, and the best scholars, and the best writers, and the best politicians, and the best dressers (may be), and the men of the most conspicuous social gifts. Consequently the average Yale man feels that it is worth his while to be prominent, and he puts his best foot forward, and if he has a specialty tries to excel in it and demonstrate that he is fit. No one is in the habit of accusing Yale men of indifference, and the don't-give-a-damn spirit with which another famous university is said to be permeated is understood to be due in great measure to the different system in which the clubs and societies of that university recruit their membership. If oratory is to be recognized at Yale as a legitimate means of attaining prominence and getting into desirable societies, no doubt the Union will continue to flourish and hold crowded weekly meetings.

Another symptom of a coming revival in intellectual diversions at Yale is discernable in the rumor that the three junior societies are to be recognized and are to become less social and convival and more literary and forensic than they have been. Another symptom is the opening of the reference room of the university library in the evening; a concession made to a vociferous undergraduate demand and helped

to its fulfillment by the timely transmission to the library of a check for $500, representing profits of the promenade ball heretofore usually turned over to the athletic fund.

THE YALE school of music points with pride and satisfaction to the interesting novelty it possesses in its new symphony orchestra, the first organized in an American university. This orchestra includes about forty local (New Haven) musicians, and is backed by the Yale faculty with an appropriation of $1,500. It is intended to be a permanent organization.

THE NEW Yale course in modern novels has proved the most popular course given at Yale, and is taken by 258 students. Dr. Phelps, who has charge of it, maintains that the novel is at present the most important form of literary art, and that the best literary thought of the day is going into it.

THERE IS an institution in Cambridge which partakes of the nature of a university extension, where professors and students from Harvard College teach and lecture gratuitously, and share what they know with their fellow creatures. Prof. Charles Elliot Norton lectured there last month on manners. Street car manners in and around Harvard Square were so bad, he said, that he had daily doubts whether the Cambridge folks were becoming more or less civilized. On crowded cars he was always struck with the barbarism that prevailed, and he had even seen men sitting and allowing women to stand. "A short time age," he related, "a reception was held in Sanders

Theater to the new students of Harvard College. The governor of the commonwealth was present and many other gentlemen of rank. It was stated during the reception that at its conclusion refreshments would be served. The instant the speaking was over there was a perfectly barbarian rush by these young men. Had they been savages their conduct could not have been more barbarous, and the governor and President Elliot were crushed by these ill-mannered youth."

Manners are one of the things that Harvard thinks, or hopes at least, that she teaches. Of course she cannot be held accountable for the manners of the freshmen that come to her, and the young men whose eagerness scandalized Professor Norton at the Sanders Theater were all freshmen. Doubtless four years of Harvard will amend their demeanor a good deal. It may not be true that manners should be taught in a university, but certainly they should be learned there by persons who have not learned them when they go there, and to a great extent they *are* learned. Green and rude freshmen who come to a university where civilized habits are the rule pick up the superficial manners of the place insensibly, by the eye and the ear. Men of a much greater experience of polite life than a lot of Harvard freshmen have been known to be stampeded by an announcement of cold food, but the chances are that by the time the *fin-de-siècle* class is ready to be graduated it will be possible to open a can of ice cream in their presence without creating more than a momentary excitement, and without any insulting disturbance whatever.

WHAT A great name, by the way, the class of '99 comes into! It is the most striking date in the whole century, and to be of a class that owns it is a ready-made distinction in itself. It is almost worth while to be young and to know less, and be in a college where numbers and an elective system have not exterminated class ties, for the sake of having a proprietary interest in such a ringing date. It is a particularly vociferous date, and fits the voice well; and it is well suited, too, to the uses of the rhymer. If the various classes of '99 are not great classes, it will be because they have not the right sort of men in them. Their momentous date is very much in their favor.

CASES of undergraduate obstreperousness seem to be growing less frequent in the American colleges. The special season for them is when college opens and the freshmen are newest, and the sophomores in the most impulsive stage of cockiness. Harvard met with a misfortune in the theft of the iron Louisburg cross from over the entrance door of the Library, but that is a case of larceny which no one can attribute with any certainty to undergraduate enterprise. The old cross was an interesting relic of colonial times, and it seems somewhat surprising that it should have been placed where it was so much at the mercy of thieves. As to the theft of it there are three theories: it may have been stolen by a freshman, or by one of the workmen employed on the alterations now in progress in the library, or by some person whose religious or irreligious sentiments were offended by its posi-

tion. The cross was part of the loot of Louisburg, and is believed to have been given to Harvard College by the Yankee who tore it down from the spire or gable of a Catholic church. Some pious Catholic may have seen fit to steal it back, or some un-Christian person may have been offended by the sight of a cross over the entrance to the Harvard Library and have stolen it on that account. Obviously, with so many good reasons at hand for its disappearance, it is very unsafe to surmise that an undergraduate stole it.

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN of Cornell was sorely grieved because his freshmen and sophomores got into a rush on the night of October 30. It was the first rush at Cornell for two years, and a mass meeting was held the next day to denounce it. The two lower classes of the Columbia School of Mines had a cane rush about the same time, but theirs was a regular and premeditated sport, held on the oval in the morning, and attended by upper class men who acted as referees and guardians of the peace, so that it was not subversive to college discipline.

THE MOST momentous bit of undergraduate devilment that has been reported this year occurred at the State College at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. Certain sophomores wanted two freshmen, and being unable to get them out of the house where they were, seized the college cannon, loaded it with such missiles as happened to be convenient, and bombarded the house. There was about a thousand dollars damages to pay. Two of the cannonaders were expelled and fourteen suspended indefinitely.

In the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., there was a row of considerable proportions on the night of October 30 over certain juvenilities of sophomores and freshmen, but nothing more serious seems to have resulted than a column or two of narrative in the Chicago newspapers.

In the University of Wisconsin, on the afternoon of October 21, the sophomores dragged a long rope across a field where the freshmen were drilling and swept the whole battalion off its legs, and with the rest Lieutenant Chynoweth of the United States Army, who was drilling them. The freshmen got up again not much the worse, but the lieutenant went to his quarters and wrote to the War Department asking to be transferred to another post of duty. The upshot of it was that the undergraduates bound themselves over to keep the peace, and three students who were selected for discipline were allowed to remain in college. Whether the lieutenant also stays does not yet appear.

The Harvard Glee Club has petitioned the faculty to mitigate the severity of the new rule which prohibits musical and dramatic performances by students in places more than two hours distant from Cambridge. The faculty is obdurate, however, and abides by its decision.

Part of the money collected from Harvard graduates for a memorial to Dr. Peabody will be used to place a bronze tablet in his memory in Appleton chapel. After that is done there will be nearly $4,000 left, which may be used to found a scholarship.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO is proud of the success of its summer quarter ending October 1, which was tried this year for the second time, and was one of the most daring of the innovations with which this university has ventured to vary the customs of university procedure in this country. The number of students in the university during the summer was 932, of whom 298 were women. The number during the summer quarter of 1894 was 605, of whom 202 were women, which means an increase of 54 per cent. The total registration of students for the fall term is about 1,100, so it seems that the business of education goes on very nearly as briskly in the summer at Chicago as during the rest of the year. It should be understood that this summer session is not a summer school such as is kept up by some of the other American universities for the benefit of persons not regularly in college, but is a regular term of the university, in which the work done counts toward the degree for which the student is studying.

THE DISMISSAL of Professor Bemis from the University of Chicago continues to be discussed. President Harper's statement about it, quoted in the BACHELOR last month, called out a statement in reply from Professor Bemis, and both statements have been freely sifted by friends and allies of the conflicting powers. President Harper's experience in this case seems to have been of little or no value as a warning to him, since he has lately declined to assign a class to Dr. Isaac Hourwich, who, after graduating at Columbia College, was called to the Chicago University as an instructor in political economy.

It appears that on going to Chicago Dr. Hourwich avowed himself to be a socialist, an infidel, and a sympathizer with the Populist party, and after he had gone as a delegate to a Populist convention and given other evidences of the intensity of his convictions, the management of the university decided that it was inexpedient to employ him.

THE LATEST and most important news about Dr. Harper's university concerns Mr. John D. Rockefeller's latest gifts to it. By letter dated October 30 Mr. Rockefeller gave it one million dollars outright for endowment and promised to give as much as two millions more for endowment or otherwise, as he may designate, "but only in amounts equal to the contributions of others in cash or its equivalent not hitherto promised, as the same shall be received on or before January 1, 1900." So for the next four years every dollar that is given to the university wins to itself the society of another dollar out of Mr. Rockefeller's strong box.

THERE IS a boom in debating at Cornell analogous to that of which we get reports from Yale. Cornell is to argue with the University of Pennsylvania, and there is said to be more interest in this coming dispute than in the athletic alliance with Harvard. The Cornell Union has been started—a large debating society including all the debating clubs in the university.

The Cornell Club of Chicago has fifty-five active members and expects to have 200 Cornell men at its annual dinner in February.

It is announced that the Chi Psi fraternity at Cornell has bought from Professor Fiske the McGraw-Fiske house at Ithaca, built for Mrs. Fiske but never occupied by her. The price paid was $45,000, about $80,000 less than the place cost.

In the case of the United States against the Stanford estate the estate has now won two verdicts, one from the Federal Court of Southern California, and one from the United States Circuit Court in California. The case has now gone to the United States Supreme Court and it is expected that the final decision will be reached in the spring. As the existence of Stanford University seems to depend on the issue of the case, a decision in Mrs. Stanford's favor will undoubtedly be popular, however it might be if the university were not concerned.

The fourth class that was graduated from Vassar College was the class of 1870. It has now been out of college for twenty-five years. Of the members of that and the three preceding classes, 63 per cent. married. Of 437 graduates of girls' colleges making returns to the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor 28 were married, 20 were widows and 389 were unmarried. One hundred and sixty-nine were teachers, 47 were librarians, 28 stenographers, 22 nurses and superintendents of nursing, 19 were journalists and 19 were clerks. In this array of college graduates are included very many very recent graduates who will marry presently when they have time, so that no certain conclusions as to the matrimonial intentions of the graduates of girls' colleges can be

reached from the figures given. The statistics from the first four Vassar classes are tolerably conclusive as far as they go, since women who do not marry within twenty-five years after leaving college may be considered to have a permanent prejudice in favor of the unmarried state.

The average pay of the Massachusetts girl graduates who were working and replied to the Labor Bureau inquiry was about $75 a month.

On the 19th of October the University of the City of New York dedicated its new buildings, both those on University Heights, which are to shelter the college, and those on the old site on Washington Square which contain the Law and Medical Schools and the School of Pedagogy. The completed buildings on the uptown site are the Hall of Languages, the Havermeyer Library, and the gymnasium. In the morning the Washington Square buildings were inspected. At 1.30 a crowd of about 1,000 students and invited guests took a train for University Heights, where there were very high jinks indeed. A tent had been put up, in which speeches were made by a dozen eminent gentlemen, including the Presidents of Amherst College and the University of Rochester, and the Mayor of New York. There was a procession first, followed by a meeting at which there were speeches of presentation, speeches of felicitation, speeches of acceptance, and other speeches. Then after Chancellor McCracken had announced the promise of a new dormitory by an anonymous donor, the meeting adjourned to the site of the new library and the Chancellor broke ground for that

building, which is expected to be the architectural glory of the new site.

AMHERST is casting about for a new treasurer, and seems disposed to choose a man of financial ability and standing, living in Boston or New York, who will bring a large experience to the management of the endowment funds of the college, leaving the routine details to the care of a deputy at Amherst.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA gives a course in journalism which is more popular this year than ever before. At Harvard there is a course in journalism called the daily *Crimson*, which is pursued with diligence by a score of young men who do a lot of work, which is doubtless instructive, though it is not directly useful to them in getting their degrees. These young men have lately had the satisfaction of knocking out their hated rival, the daily *News*, which suspended publication about the middle of October, bequeathing its constituents to the *Crimson*.

PRINCETON students, having regard to the perpetuation of old customs, passed a resolution on October 18 appointing a committee to wait upon the faculty, and to promise that if a revival of the old custom of holding the cane spree at night in front of Witherspoon Hall be permitted, it should be a gentle and decorous exercise unmarred by the rudeness that sometime characterized cane sprees in the good old days. In consideration of this promise the faculty voted that the cane spree might be resuscitated.

Dr. Asabel Clark Kendrick, Professor Emeritus in Rochester University, who died on October 21, taught Greek in the university from the time of its foundation in 1850 until his retirement in 1882. He was a scholar of national reputation, and was one of the translators of the revised version of the Bible. He was greatly beloved in Rochester, and the students of the university attended his funeral in a body.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY WALTER CAMP.

VASSAR COLLEGE girls have emulated other college students in a series of outdoor games, and considering the conditions—a rainy, windy day—and that it was the first competition of the sort, the times were excellent. Owing to the intense excitement of the occasion, and the firing of a real starter's pistol, the timers and measurers seemed to get confused, and the reports in the newspapers differ. The following is the account given in the *New York World* by a young lady reporter:

The spectators were enveloped in mackintoshes or golf capes, and generally wore Tam O'Shanters. They had bows of class colors at their throats. The judges —Miss Welton, Miss Tiffany and Miss Wentworth— occupied an open summer house, with Miss Banks, chairman, and Misses Love, Thallon, Haight and Vassar, members of the committee on arrangements. Mrs. Kendrick, the principal; Prof. Ely, and other members of the faculty watched the preparations with some misgivings.

All girls who desired to compete were required to enter their names, and the list was taken in hand by the principal, Mrs. Kendrick; physical director, Dr. Thalberg, and gymnasium director, Miss Ballentine. Every girl was examined, and not one in whom the slightest physical weakness was detected was allowed to compete. The result was that no more perfect physical specimens of college girlhood could be found than the contestants.

Down the center of the beautiful grassy oval was laid out a hurdle course, which was also used for the running events. There were poles for the running high jump and courts marked out for the basket ball contests.

Except for the mist and rain the field would have been a beautiful sight when Misses Hotchkiss, Jones, Johnson and Wilkinson lined up for the trial heats in the 100-yard dash. No uniform costume was worn. Some of the girls wore their gymnasium suits. Others wore divided skirts and blouse waists. Many wore short skirts over the gymnasium suits, but the favorite outfit included white sweaters which just arrived in time for the games.

As the four girls took their positions the classes gave the college yell, "Rah, Rah, Rah, V-a-s-s-a-r!" each finishing with the class year.

The timekeepers, Miss Hart, Miss Platt and Miss Skinner, took their positions with stop watches in their hands. The starter, Miss Love, stood just behind the girls.

As she threw one hand up into the air everybody became breathless, waiting for the signal. The contestants, with foot advanced, hugged the line and crouched.

"Ping!" went the starter's pistol.

The audience, all women, jumped, and the four contestants were away. With arms well to the side, shoulders back and heads thrown up, the four girls made a picture of grace. Artists would have found the runners worth studying.

The turf was yielding and slippery. Miss Wilkinson, the winner, finished in 15¼ seconds—slow time, the girls said.

In the second trial heat Misses Reimer, Thallon, Tryon and Vassar ran, and the last named won in 15½ seconds.

For the running broad Misses Baker, Harrison, Hero, C. Johnson, Spaulding, Thallon, Ward, Wilkinson and Love were entered, and each girl was credited with the best in three jumps.

The winner, Miss Baker, made 11 feet 5 inches, and was quickly enveloped by her supporters in a heavy coat and mackintosh, and petted and rewarded with "Rah, Rah, Rah, V-a-s-s-a-r, Baker!"

In the 120-yard hurdle trial heats the hurdles were only two feet high, but that was quite high enough, as the softness of the earth was equivalent to another six inches. Miss Spaulding made it in 25¼s., and Miss

Thallon in 24¼s. These were only preparatory to the final.

The running high jump was one of the prettiest events of the day. Two girls held the rope while the Misses Baker, Borden, Brownell, Harrison, C. Johnson, Spaulding and Vassar did their best. Miss Brownell won, making a 48-inch jump.

In this event the only accident of the games occurred. Miss Baker, who was second with a 46-inch jump, fell. When she got up there was a call for the doctor. Miss Baker had dislocated her thumb.

Dr. Thalberg was on the field with rolls of bandages and simple remedies, and Miss Baker was able to play with the basket ball team in the afternoon.

Only one 220-yard dash was run, and Miss Haight won it in 36¼s.

Umbrellas had been in demand all the morning. The oval had been growing wetter and soggier. By the time the final heats were to be run everybody was pretty thoroughly drabbled, but the enthusiasm only increased. The classes repeatedly gave their yells.

Miss Vassar delighted the hearts of '98 by winning the final 100-yard dash in 16 seconds.

The last event of the morning was the final heat in the 120-yard hurdle. The three competitors took the hurdles in as scientific a manner as if under the eye of the instructor in the gymnasium. Every hurdle was carefully calculated, and when Miss Thallon, of Brooklyn, won in 25 seconds it proved that science had really told.

After the games Mrs. Kendrick, the principal, said to a reporter,

"We want it distinctly understood that this field day does not indicate that the college has gone into 'sports,' as it is termed.

"Physical culture has always had a place at Vassar from the foundation of the college. The girls exercise and play games out of doors all the time, but this is the first time the different kinds of exercises and games have been brought together in one day.

"Formerly we received frequent letters from parents requesting that we excuse their daughters from exercise. Since the games have been introduced these let-

ters are hardly ever received, and as the interest of the girls increases their parents' objections lessen.

"In many cases girls have given up eating candy because they found it interfered with their games.

"There are girls who have given up eating sweets altogether for the same reason.

"But Vassar will not allow a spirit of emulation to rule students."

This last statement concerning the spirit of emulation is rather mysterious. Emulation in sports is by the nature of things the keynote and incentive to competition. That girls will go into training and become sufficiently stoical to give up eating candy is, we believe, the highest tribute to athletics we have yet noted in any girls' college. In ancient Greece girls were often successful runners, but then they had no candy to give up. They had honey to be sure, but what girl cares for honey? Under proper care and training we believe girls capable of doing the 100 yards in even time. Bicycle races might be held with profit. Rowing races are annually held at Wellesley. We heartily believe in giving girls the best athletic development, along with the best mental education. *Mens sana in corpore sano* applies to girls equally with boys. But how such a competition would have shocked our grandmothers!

WOMEN SEEM to have taken to golf with almost as much interest as men. The woman's championship golf match at the Meadow Brook Club, November 9, was a great success. The ladies who competed were Mrs. Charles S. Brown, Miss Harrison, Mrs. William Shippen, Miss N. C. Sargent, Mrs. W. B. Thomas, Mrs. R. C. Hooper, Miss A. Howland Ford, Mrs.

Fellowes Morgan, Mrs. Devereaux Emmett, Mrs. A. W. Turnure, Miss Anna Sands, Miss M. K. Bird, Miss Louise F. Field, Miss Helen Shelton. Mrs. Brown won the event, her score by holes being a total of 132, as follows:

First half.....	11	4	9	4	5	7	9	14	6—69
Second half...	7	3	9	4	5	5	12	13	5—63

This score is said to be the best yet made by a woman in this country.

At Morristown, the same day, Miss Alice Day won the George G. Kip silver cup over eleven ladies by a total of 66.

THE PRINCETON-HARVARD game upset most of the predictions of the experts. Many had predicted that Harvard would win easily, while even the most conservative had conceded the match to Harvard by a small score. The work of Princeton's rush line was, however, too strong for Harvard's tactics, and the condition of the Harvard men seemed to be such that the second half dragged heavily on them. It was too bad that the day was so disagreeable, and it almost recalled the last Yale-Princeton match played at Princeton in respect to the condition of ground and ball. Baird's kicking in the second half was good, and for a new man he proved decidedly a treasure to Princeton. There was the fumbling inevitable under the conditions of a slippery ground and a wet ball. The game was exciting from start to finish, but the really hair-raising episode of the match was Suter's run and Brewer's plucky pursuit. It has been said that carrying the ball will handicap a runner by some yards in a hundred, and this argument has been used thousands of times to convince football players that if a man should

succeed in getting past their lines, they ought to follow him, for the chances of overtaking him are large. Unfortunately it is easier to demonstrate this theoretically than to convince players of it, but Brewer's pluck and spirit in following Suter saved a touchdown. Beside the hardy efforts of the players, it is fair to praise the pluck of the audience, for some seven thousand people braved the inclement weather and sat the match out, in spite of prospective pneumonia. Says the Yale *News:*

"Had Harvard's line been able to protect their backs, the score would certainly have been different. Princeton's backs were inferior but her rushers were superior in breaking through. In other respects the teams were very evenly matched.

"The game was clean, gentlemanly and a splendid revival of the 'open play' of former years. Although there were a number of substitutions no one was injured at all seriously, and both teams are already in playing condition."

The teams faced each other as follows:

Princeton.		Harvard.
Hearn, l. e.	r. e.,	A. Brewer, Captain. / Howell.
Church, l. t.		r. t., Donald.
Riggs, / Wentz,	l. g.	r. g., Jaffray.
Gailey,	center	F. Shaw.
Rhodes, r. g.		l. g., Holt.
Lea, Captain, / Tyler,	r. t.	l. t., Hallowell. / T. Stevenson.
Cochran, r. e.		l. e., Cabot.
Suter,	quarter	Borden.
Rosengarten,	half back	C. Brewer.
Armstrong,	half back	Wrightington. / Gonterman.
Baird,	full back	Fairchild. / Dunlop.

Score: Princeton, 12; Harvard, 4. Time, two 35-minute halves. Touchdowns: Rosengarten, 2; Suter, 1; Shaw, 1. Referee, H. L. Pratt, of Amherst;

umpires: P. J. Dashiell, of Lehigh, and F. De P. Townsend, of Williams; linesmen, G. W. Kennedy, of Leland Stanford; assistant linesman, Frank Cowan, of Orange A. C. Attendance, 8,000.

THE ORANGE-CRESCENT difficulty arose from the protest made by Orange against King. The latter had received pay for football coaching, and had, it was claimed, ceased to be an "amateur." Orange afterward waived this protest, but the Crescents refused to arrange any game other than on November 16, and claimed a forfeit, which Referee Hartwell refused. The cup has been won twice by each team.

THE FOOTBALL situation was never more interesting, owing to the rapid development of the heretofore so-called small teams. Particularly is this true of the athletic association teams, which are showing such good work as to be close rivals for the big university elevens. The Boston Athletic Association in its game with Yale; Orange, in its games with Princeton and Yale; and Crescent, in its general match work, have all shown themselves close on the heels of the best. It is a great pity that the Orange-Crescent game resulted in a paper combat.

After all, why should not the athletic clubs succeed against college teams? The men are older, more experienced, and were frequently "star" players on their college teams. It is only a question of practice, and getting together in team play.

THE BOSTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION is sticking many plumes in its cap these days. Not content with virtual victories on the gridiron

field against Yale by holding the football team down to no score, they place in the barge a crew that actually beats out the coming Harvard 'Varsity on the Charles. No longer can the college athlete look upon the athletic club as "easy prey" for his trained skill.

BROWN'S 6 to 6 game with Yale shows that Yale was not quite so strong as usual, and that Brown has been well coached. The scoring was done in the first half. Brown deserves great credit for her team work this season.

THE fine team of the University of Michigan held Harvard down to 4 points, November 9. The play was fast and furious, and Harvard barely escaped defeat. The same day the State College scored against Pennsylvania, 4–35. At the time the latter team were playing a little stronger than Harvard, but the latter team after the Princeton game entered upon a severe system of coaching which told very well in the game on November 23, in which Harvard proved herself equal to Pennsylvania in every way except kicking goals.

HARVARD AND Yale *did* compete in the shooting match (a quasi athletic event) at Monmouth Junction, N. J., at the Dayton Gun Club, and Princeton won the match with 120 points, Harvard 116, Yale 98. It appeared so far to be Princeton's year. It is probable that Harvard and Yale will also come together in the annual debate, which involves the use of certain muscles. These meetings will, it is to be hoped, pave the way toward a return to the old rivalry in another year.

THE FOOTBALL of last month has been full of surprises, and the pleasant part of it all is that the surprises have usually revealed unexpected merit in the supposedly weaker teams, rather than weaknesses in the larger elevens. The greatest of these surprises in order was the scoring by the Orange Athletic Club of twelve points against the Yale team. In the Yale game with Crescent the latter showed unusual strength by forcing the collegians to a safety; but that did not at all prepare the college world for the Orange result. Yale put up her strongest team, barring, perhaps, the left guard, where Chadwick was missing. Thorne, the Yale captain, kicked off, sending the ball down to the Orange twenty-five-yard line. Then Millard, Hopkins and Bird began the banging over Yale's right tackle and outside, assisted by good pushing. Yale became a little hurried, and caught a five-yard loss for off-side play. Then Millard came around the right end with a dash, and never stopped until, after a forty-yard run, De Witt cut him down. Millard lost the ball as he struck, and Thorne missed it. Bird coming on with a dash seized it and took it five yards further. Orange went fairly wild over the long gain. Bird landed the ball on the Yale twenty-yard line. Then, in spite of Yale's attempted stand, Orange would not be denied, and Hopkins, Bird and Millard continued the smashing until the latter placed the ball across the line for a touchdown, which Mintzner converted into a goal, and five minutes from the kick-off the score stood Orange 6 and Yale 0! On the kick-off the ball went to Millard at the ten-yard-line, but he carried it back outside of

his twenty-five-yard line before he was finally landed. The three backs than began smashing the Yale line again, and for a few moments it looked as though Yale could not hold them. Finally, with a desperate brace, they made a stand and got the ball on downs. It was short work then with Thorne, DeWitt and Letton to bring the ball within sight of the Orange line, and the captain carried it over. Letton missed the goal, and the score stood Orange 6 and Yale 4. But the blood of Thorne and DeWitt was well heated, and they quickly crowded the ball down and over for a second touchdown, which again was unconverted, although it placed Yale ahead 8 to 6. It was a good sight for Yale eyes to see the men back of their line come down once more, taking the ball steadily yards at a time until just on the five-yard line DeWitt fumbled, and time was soon called after Orange had placed the goal out of danger.

Yale opened the second half with a magnificent run by her captain, gaining a touchdown in two minutes, and again, after the next kick-off, the Yale backs carried the ball home inside of five minutes. But, though tired, the Orange team had not yet reached the end of their score, for Buell blocked Mills' kick twice and Bird landed on the ball in the Yale goal for a second touchdown. Yale followed the example a little later by blocking a punt, and the game ended with twelve points against the collegians. Their own score of twenty-four was little consolation to them, although the play of their original backs had been first-class.

On the same day there was another surprise

to the football cranks in the defeat of Cornell by Lafayette at Ithaca, Captain Boericke bringing up an unexpectedly good team to face Newell's pupils. The Cornell men fought hard but were unable to score, while Lafayette got over the line once and turned the try into a goal.

Brown went to Cambridge on the same Saturday, and gathered in six points from Harvard by a run of their left half-back Fultz around Brewer's end from the twenty-five-yard line. Harvard played a stiff game in the second half and scored twenty-six.

But the greatest surprise to the Harvard men was the game put up by the West Point Cadets. It seems a shame that a match between Annapolis and West Point is not an annual fixture. It is another case of foolish "faculty interference" which we have occasion so often to deplore. Football is a sort of "war." But the interdiction has evidently not had any detrimental effect this year upon the style of game played up on the Hudson, for the Cambridge men were unable to cross their line more than once, and at the call of time the Cadets had the ball dangerously near Harvard's goal. Harvard's touchdown was scored almost at the outset of the match, and as soon as the stage fright of the West Point team had worn off they held their own. Harmon Graves, their coach, had predicted a hard time for the visitors, and the result fully justified his words.

The Boston Athletic Association eleven came later in the month with perhaps the greatest surprise of all, by playing a tie game with the Yale team, neither side scoring. Such a result between one of the big 'Varsity teams

and an athletic club has been an almost unheard of event, and the Princeton-Orange game only added to the wonderment of the oldtimers, who were wont to see the club teams outclassed. October has brought the surprises—November surely had in it less novelty, but far more football.

THE ADVANTAGES derived from a connection with athletics in the way of an education in the arts of discipline and organization have just been admirably illustrated in the case of a Mr. Malcomb Booth, of Yale. While not prominently connected with the 'Varsity teams when in college, it seems he was a believer in all sports, and held a place in all class contests. Later he had been engaged in educational work in the schools of New Haven, and has always been an advocate of football, baseball and general athletics. He has recently gone to Dayton, Ohio, and the following letter will recall to all who knew him the days when that power was being brought out in him in school and college.

MY DEAR ——: You will be pleased to learn that Mr. Booth has made a great hit at Dayton, and has already brought about reforms which those interested deemed impossible. Last week he went before the school board and carried through his new system for the high school against opposition which seemed too formidable for one man to overcome. The organization of the schools, which required two weeks of undivided effort on the part of his predecessor, he perfected in two days. There is no question but that the discipline resulting from football training has made Booth a capital organizer. After all, football is only a serious business of "getting ahead."

As ONE goes toward the setting sun one meets with many strange things, but with them all a spirit that speaks of fresh air and wholesomeness. Football has, as they express it from Chicago through Denver, Omaha, Butte and Spokane to the Coast, "come to stay." The deeds of their heroes, like those of ancient Greece, are told in song. Here are extracts from their epic verse:

OMAHA VS. BUTTE, THANKSGIVING, 1894, AT BUTTE.

Though we are sorry to lose the game, we'er proud of the Omaha boys.
They came to us like gentlemen, of their skill made no noise.
We are sorry to Nebraska to wire back, the score is 46 to 4.
All honor to Willie with the golden hair, though he made us feel sore.

SPOKANE VS. BUTTE, APRIL 14, 1895.

On the football field on Easter day,
We're found opposed to each other's play;
The teams from Butte and from Spokane,
Spokane crying, "She can! She can!"

. . . . . .

The score stands at eighteen to naught,
Although to win Spokane vainly sought.
Plucky Spokane, whatever be her lot!
Can she play football? No! She cannot.

OMAHA VS. BUTTE, JULY 4, 1895.

"To the land of the Buttes, the Montanas;
We will wipe the earth with them;
Wipe the earth till they cry for mercy."
Boastingly thus spoke the proud Omahas,
The Omahas, sons of packers, sons of Nebraska.

. . . . . .

On the morrow there was great uprising,
Uprising of the multitude toward the field of battle.

. . . . . .

"Now go back, you Omahas, sons of packers,
Tell your people you were beaten,
Beaten in the Mountain City at football,"
Was the farewell spoken to the Nebraskas,
And the Buttes marched cheering through their city.

FRANCIS BROOKS, the captain of the Butte football club, is an old Exeter man, and a graduate of the Harvard Law School, and was once captain of the Harvard freshman eleven. Hooper, of the University of Washington, was a guard on the team. In fact, wherever our players have gone, they have played football. Think of a Fourth of July game of football! That was the date of the Butte-Omaha game.

EVERYONE is delighted to see Harvard and Princeton once more reconciled and rivals upon the football field. Many an exciting game have those of us who are classed as "old grads" seen between the elevens of these two universities, and a renewal of these matches has been a sincere though little expressed hope for the last two or three years. Perhaps the happy day will come when we shall see an era of general peace established.

ONE OF the best products of Western football is the full-back on the University of California team. His name is Ransome and he stands over six feet in height and tips the scales at 192 pounds. He is a strong, hard runner, but his greatest forte is his kicking. He is good for fifty-five yards, and occasionally has done better.

AT GOLF, C. E. Sands is showing the skeptical ones that his former win was not in the

nature of a fluke by further practical demonstration. His match with Winthrop Rutherford at Meadowbrook was an exciting one, and followed by over a hundred enthusiasts. When one remembers how Rutherford defeated Stoddard at Newport it adds more luster to Sands's victory.

SOME QUESTION as to the value of an athletic trainer has always been raised, but there never was a sadder result of the folly of coupling a strong body with a weak head than that of a young Connecticut boy last month. George Mesler, of the Rockville High School, 21 years of age, and on the football team, went to Allington to attend the agricultural fair. Through indiscretion of diet in the shape of peanuts and popcorn he put himself into so serious a condition that an operation was made necessary. He had nearly recovered, but was forbidden to indulge in liquids too copiously. In a fit of thirst he overpowered his father and nurse and drank his fill. The result was his death.

AT THE recent Episcopal convention at Minneapolis some of Yale's old athletes came into especial prominence. On the arrival at Faribault the visitors received an especial welcome at the Seabury Divinity School from the Rev. C. C. Camp. In 1877 he was the valedictorian of his class at Yale, and a rusher on the football eleven that defeated Harvard. Louis K. Hull, of crew and football fame, later entertained a body of the Yale men.

THE JUNIOR appointment list of Yale is out, and shows that brains are even more sought

after by the captain of the football eleven than was ever brawn in the good old days. Louis Hinkey, Fred Murphy, Charles Chadwick, C. M. Fincke, members of the team, are all on the list, together with the names of many of those trying for positions.

One of the New Haven papers speaks quite confidently of a boat race this year between Yale and the winner of the Oxford-Cambridge race. While the *Register*, the paper in which the article is published, is in no way an official organ, its sayings in college matters are usually backed by accurate information if not actually inspired. Hence the clipping shows the trend of affairs:

A meeting of the Yale University crew was held last evening to decide upon Yale's course in regard to rowing Harvard or an English eight next summer. It is pretty well known that if Professor Ames has anything to say in the matter, it will be impossible for Yale and Harvard to meet in any branch of athletics. However, it was decided to send immediately a friendly, unofficial letter from President DeSibour of the Yale navy to President Bullard of the Harvard navy, requesting a definite statement of Harvard's position regarding a race the forthcoming season.

If Harvard declines to meet Yale, letters will at once be sent to the boating authorities of Oxford and Cambridge, with a view to an international race to take place in England, probably in July, between Yale and the winner of the Oxford-Cambridge race. The letters will be entirely informal, but it is hoped that by opening correspondence thus early many of the preliminary arrangements can be determined upon very soon. There is little doubt that an international contest would awaken a much greater interest than a race with Harvard, in view of the poor showing which Harvard has made the last few years. The only unfortunate thing about rowing in England is the fact that comparativey

few Americans would witness the race. There is, however, every reason to believe that if Yale should row Cambridge or Oxford next summer, the international contests will be held annually, and the second would, of course, take place in this country.

THERE IS one feature of the temporary severance of relations between Harvard and Yale that will prove a blessing in disguise, and for which many of the older graduates have been sighing. This is the forced reduction of expenditure made necessary by the loss of income. Not the most severe criticism nor the exercise of all manner of influence upon the undergraduate managers have succeeded in cutting these expenditures down more than two or three thousand dollars annually, so long as these big games brought in from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. The loss of the Yale-Harvard contests will mean retrenchment to both, no matter how many outside matches they may arrange, and in a year or two the managers will have learned from stern necessity that teams, crew and nine can be carried through a season for considerably less than an aggregate of fifty thousand dollars.

SWARTHMORE HAD an unpleasant experience at New Brunswick last month. Their football team were engaged in a match with the Rutgers eleven on Neilson Field, having left their clothes in the Ballantine gymnasium. When they returned from the game they found that a thief had taken from their clothes everything of value, including some six watches and over five hundred dollars in money. Of course the Rutgers men were even more upset about the matter than Swarthmore, and the latter had no

difficulty in borrowing the necessary funds to take them home.

MR. W. T. BULL, the former Yale full-back, has an article in *Leslie's Weekly* of October 24 upon place kicking, which covers the matter most admirably, and which every place kicker in college and school teams should read.

ROWING MATTERS reached a climax at the University of Pennsylvania this fall, and some of the oldtime boating men, such as Gray, Hart, Hallowell and Hunter, took measures to bring about a conference between themselves and the immediate boating authorities, Chairman Horwitz, of the Rowing Committee, and Captain A. E. Bull. The result of the conference was the submission to the Board of Athletic Directors of several questions, the most important being whether a change should not be made at once both in the coach and methods of rowing at the university. As the press puts it:

It was the general opinion that while the Cook stroke, as taught by Mr. Cook himself, had achieved fine results at Yale, as taught at Pennsylvania it had been a flat failure and yielded no adequate return for the amount of expense incurred. It was the general belief that Mr. Woodruff knew the stroke thoroughly, but was unfortunate in lacking the ability to impart that information. Captain Bull said that the stroke had been taught the Pennsylvania crew differently last summer than in 1894. Last year a shorter stroke had been taught than in 1892. It was the general view that Mr. Cook alone could teach the Cook stroke, and as Mr. Cook was out of the question as a coach, it would be more advisable to adopt some other system that could be more easily taught. Then everyone of the old-timers spoke eloquently in Ward's favor, told how

many winning "fours" he had put on the water, and said that his failure in "eights" was due to meager and mediocre material. Captain Bull and Mr. Horwitz were rather opposed to engaging Ward, as they said all of last year's crew were back in college, and knew the stroke taught by Mr. Woodruff, and that endeavoring to row a new stroke would result in failure. At this point "Archie" Wright spoke up and said: "While I was in the West I stroked a Minneapolis 'eight' and rowed the Ward stroke. 'Josh' Hartwell rowed behind me, and he told me that there was practically little difference in the stroke I rowed and the one he had been taught at Yale.

Of fourty-four boating men who were asked their opinion regarding a coach and methods, two-thirds were opposed to a continuance of the present method. To the question as to the coach the names suggested were: George Woodruff, Daniel Galanaugh, some pupil of Hartwell, Walter Peet, Samuel Powell, L. H. Alexander, Julian Kennedy, A. E. Bull, R. S. Hart, T. G. Hunter, George Sergeant, Archie Wright and Ellis Ward. Two-thirds favored Ellis Ward.

It is probable, then, that Ward will be secured, and as he is likely to ask for more than a single year's contract, one may be made for two or three years.

ONE OF the most interesting developments of the game of football has been the bringing out of a team from the Indian school at Carlisle. The first intimation that a new use had been found for the Red Man was a game between this school team and the University of Pennsylvania. The *Press* says:

"Hereafter our leading colleges need not scour the country for 'prep' school material, and invade blacksmith shops and other halls of hard toil in their

efforts to find artisans who want a change of vocation. They can just take a trip to the Indian country and corral a couple of Cherokees for half-backs, an Apache for quarter, a Sioux for fullback and a lot of Chickasaws and Choctaws for their rush line. This is no joke. If all the Indians can play football like the boys from the Carlisle Training School, football is bred in the Red Man. They tackle like fiends and their activity and endurance are remarkable.

"Coach Woodruff said: 'We can gain ground through their line, but there is no use in sending a man at the end, for their whole team is over there like a flash and it's no go.' During the entire game not a native American was laid out. Once Wagenhurst sent Metoxen to the sod hard enough to dim that buffalo slayer's lights, but Metoxen was up and off in a jiffy. And so it was all through the game. The Indians played fast, and apparently were never tired. When a Quaker was stretched out for repairs, a satirical smile would pass over the Indians' faces, and one nodding to the other would say: 'He wants wind.' Now, everybody knows the Pennsylvania team don't want wind, especially with some of the men who pretend to represent it. Once Bull was *hors de combat*, when a witty Apache, pointing at him, remarked to a brother of his tribe who was playing close by, 'Sitting Bull,' but the Quaker got up and shook hands with Lone Wolf, and the slightly pointed joke was overlooked.

"Between the halves George Woodruff said: 'That's just the kind of football I dream of. It's bred in those men. They are strong as bulls, and fast and active. I would rather train that team than ours. I could make more out of them. They are natural players.'"

During a fierce, hard game of two twenty-five-minute halves the university could roll up but thirty-six points, and felt well off at that.

And now there seems to be criticism of the Athletic Association of the University of Pennsylvania. The *Pennsylvanian* publishes an editorial taking numerous exceptions to the actions of those in control of athletics, and

advocating the restitution of the powers of the directors and the extension of the powers of the Faculty Committee.

THE FOOTBALL management of Princeton issued a statement explanatory of its position regarding the arrangement of a Harvard game.

"However, it is but just that a word should be said in behalf of Captain Lea in the football management. The playing of so important a game two weeks from next Saturday is calculated to arouse anxiety as to the outcome not only of that contest, but of two others coming so soon afterward, Cornell game on November 9, and the Yale game on November 23. A change in the system of training, coaching and playing is necessitated which at this late day seems a vital mistake. That the prospects of this season's success and the chance of victories over Cornell and Yale are materially lessened is certain.

"In spite of the additional strain and work placed upon the shoulders of our football men, we believe that the ultimate result of a game in Princeton this year and one in Cambridge next would be for the best in every way. It is with this feeling that we welcome a Harvard game, whether we sacrifice our chances of success for this year or not. Whether we win or lose any or all of these three great games, the fact remains that we have acted in an honorable way and for what seems to be for the best interests of Princeton."

This is a fair, manly statement of the situation and will satisfy every broad-minded graduate. We want more of this spirit of sport, whether it involves victory or defeat in the matches.

THE YALE-PRINCETON game, November 23, was a success in every way. It was a beautiful day, warm and sunny, and the crowd was the largest ever seen at the Manhattan field. The

game was fully up to the standard set by Yale and Princeton the last half a dozen years. It was fiercely fought inch by inch, and the play was at all times brilliant. It was very evident to the experts that the season's best college teams were opposing one another. Princeton showed improvement over her Harvard game. Harvard or Pennsylvania would have quickly gone down before the onslaught of Yale. In the first half Yale scored two touchdowns resulting in goals, one on a fluke, the other on a blocked kick. In the second half Princeton played with a splendid nerve and force and scored twice on Yale, while Captain Thorne made the most sensational run ever seen in American football, going forty yards through the entire Princeton team. The final score was Yale 20, on 2 goals and 2 touchdowns, Princeton 10, on 1 goal and 1 touchdown. Very few tricks were played by either side. The best football opinion seems to be opposed to tricks, as they are too apt to result in loss.

The Harvard-Pennsylvania game the same day at Cambridge was close and exciting, the score being 17 to 14 in the latter's favor. Harvard played a plucky game and would have won had not Brewer failed to kick the ball between the posts as he should. The Quakers had the better team and certainly in Brooke the better full back. Harvard showed great pluck in the second half. Her men need not feel discouraged over the splendid game she put up. The day fairly summed up the football season with Yale first, Princeton second, Pennsylvania third, Harvard fourth. This, judging from scores and general play, would probably have been the result of an all-round contest.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LORD DUNRAVEN has recently put forth a statement in which he charges "That the *Defender* did not sail on her measured load water line length during the September 7 race"; in other words, he charges that fraud was perpetrated in adding weight to the yacht and so unfairly increasing her length without having the proper penalty in the time allowance.

Mr. C. Oliver Iselin on reading the statement characterizes the charge as utterly false, and now Lord Dunraven, stung by the English newspaper criticism of his conduct, cables that he will come to America and prove his charges. The New York Yacht Club have promptly appointed Messrs. Whitney, Rives and Morgan a committee to investigate the charges, and it behooves everyone to wait until this committee render their report. It is also to be hope that, when Lord Dunraven is proven to be mistaken, he will not be lynched by our honest and intelligent New York citizens. His so-called "bravery" in coming over to try and sustain his absurd charges is one of the amusing features of the case. Seriously, he will have to take some bitter punishment, in case he cannot sustain his charges. He should be expelled from the New York Yacht Club, and should be expelled from all English or Scotch yacht clubs, and should be forever outlawed and barred from the company of gentleman yachtsmen. In his Cardiff Speech. November 21, Lord Dunraven merely reiterates his suspicions, and states again that he

was not fairly beaten. It is rather late in the day to complain and whine over the Valkyrie's defeat, he should have fought out the question of unfairness at the time of the race. Meanwhile Dame Rumor has it that Sir George Newnes desires to challenge but will await the outcome of the enquiry.

* * *

AT THE recent installation of President Smith at Colgate University, President Gilman said among other things:

The attention of the country has of late been directed to the history of American colleges. Harvard has reviewed two centuries and a half of progress. St. Johns, Williams and Bowdoin and Union have celebrated their centennial anniversaries. Next year Princeton holds its jubilee, and at the close of the century the memories of two hundred years will be looked at by Yale. In all the past celebrations, and it is safe to say in all that are coming, one note is dominant, the note of confidence based upon reflection, experience and hope. The higher institutions of learning are strong in the affection of their alumni, strong in the liberality of their benefactors, and strong in the gratitude of patriots. They are strong also in the conviction of their managers that colleges can be adapted in each generation to the needs of the times. Strong and progressive though our colleges be, yet are they perpetually influenced by the lessons of two millenniums and a half at least of recorded effort for the ascertainment of truth, the development of intellect and the advancement of mankind. We may apply to them this quatrain of Clough:

> Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
> Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know,
> And where the land she travels from? Away
> Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

Under these circumstances, it may be worth our while to consider on this occasion "The future of American colleges." This is my theme to-day. During thirty years past we have been going through a

period of "Sturm und Drang." The breaking down of the idea that one curriculum and only one gave a liberal education; the appreciation of elective courses; the expediency of reducing the undergraduate period from four years to three; the recognized obligation to provide for the higher education of women; the introduction of students' laboratories; the recognition of science; the provision of thorough courses; history; the importance of modern languages; the modification of ecclesiastical rigors; and the growth of athletic sports, are among the causes of agitation, discussion and readjustment which the veterans of the war recall with mingled sentiments of congratulation and regret, but on the whole with satisfaction and hope. Among other lessons the country has come to an almost unanimous acceptance of this dictum, now so familiar that it sounds common place, not long ago so unfamiliar, that irremediable confusion has entered our educational vocabulary. The dictum is this: That the school provides the necessary training for boys and girls; the college an introduction to the liberal arts; the university advanced and professional education.

WE CANNOT recall a better statement of modern university history and intentions than this. President Raymond, of Union, said:

"The college of the future will be an educational institution. The time will come when a football will not be the universally accepted standard of scholastic ability—when the college hero will win his honors in the field of thought rather than the diamond or the gridiron. The college of the future will be the school of honor; where love and truth will mold character and inspire truth so that men may be believed without being cross-questioned. There is a cry of reform in all our colleges. This movement is specially prominent at Union, making it disgraceful for any man to succeed by dishonest methods and sharp practice."

In view of their recent charges the Williams football team, doubtless, will wish to congratulate Union upon this new "movement of reform."

THE MEMBERSHIP figures for all the departments of Yale except the art and music schools are now available. The total number of students in the university is given at 2,338, against 2,387 last year, the decrease being due to largely increased requirements for admission in the scientific and divinity schools. The totals of membership for the last six years are: 1890, 1,633; 1891, 1,756; 1892, 1,976; 1893, 2,217; 1894, 2,387; 1895, 2,338. The decrease in numbers this year is not attributable to athletics or success in athletics, as some would have us believe. Yale never was so prosperous and so well equipped as she is to-day, in spite of a pious New Haven lady's dismal croaking and a comparison of Yale with the infernal regions.

AS TO morals, what college is absolutely perfect? The truth is that college lads are a remarkably virtuous body as a rule—much more so than the corresponding number of same aged young men in business. Every now and then there is an outcry against Harvard or Yale or Princeton on the score of immorality—it will usually be traced to some feeble-minded old lady, or to some gossippy old gentleman who for some reason hates students as an omnibus driver hates bicyclers. The latest outcry comes from a Baptist minister's wife, who states that "she would as soon send a boy to hell as to Yale." By some newspapers this lady has been credited with Harvard sympathies, and it has been openly averred that she had lived in Cambridge in her early days, and has had a relative at Harvard. Another explanation of her fierce arraignment of Yale is

that she formerly lived in Providence, and that she favors Brown University as her denominational college. The true explanation seems to be that contained in the *Evening Telegram*. The good lady says:

"We have lived in this city for seven years, and have known many mothers' sons who have come to Yale. We receive letters of introduction from them, and put ourselves out to invite them to our house to tea and lunch. They come the first year; then we see them with a pipe in their mouth, and then we don't see them at all (owing to the smoke?).

"They go down, down, down, and I believe that more boys are ruined in Yale University than in any other place I know."

Says the *Telegram:*

Boys when first torn away from home and sent to college take kindly to invitations to tea and luncheon. They find in the kindly and really admirable hospitalities of a Baptist minister's family some refuge from loneliness and some substitute for the home ministries for which their youthful hearts hunger. It does not occur to the amiable motherly profferer of these hospitalities that they apparently begin to pall, or, more correctly, that they begin to be renounced precisely when conic sections and the dread of being bowled out of college by sophomore mathematics begin to oppress the student mind.

From that point the ill-fated student's descent to Avernus, as by this time he has learned from his Virgil, is easy. He goes "down, down, down" the broad road of integral calculus, he succumbs to his unholy passion for logarithms, and squanders his precious time on optional French and other fripperies of a classical course. He is advancing now on his decadent career, not by steps and slips, but with Cyrus and his ten thousand conscripts, by forced marches, by bounds and parasangs, several of them in a day. To keep up with the procession of his fellow students and to keep his engagements at chapel, he has to forego something, so he foregoes society, that is, polite society

of the authorized New Haven version. No more teas and luncheons for him.

He has some society, it is true, after his own kind. He has found his chums and his heart's brothers in his class. With these he moons and dreams and weaves romances of the coming day of emancipation from his cloistered grind.

Later advices from New Haven show that the pious lady has modified her first statements in many ways. She believes that there are a *few* sheep among the goats. The Yale faculty is not altogether given over to impiety. In the past Yale has given to the world some noble Christian men, etc. It is to be hoped that in future she will confine her exaggerated and unjust criticism of Yale to gossip with her neighbors, and will not permit herself to make such unfounded charges before the public.

THE *Sun* says:

The Athletic Committee of the faculty of Brown University has taken decisive action in regard to college organizations, and has issued rules which in substance are as follows:

No student shall play upon any team in any contest unless he is a student of the university in good standing.

No student organization shall use the words "Brown University" unless it has received permission from the committee.

No performance shall be given for the benefit of a university organization unless the project in all its details has been canvassed and approved by the committee.

No graduate students, except such as are enrolled in class 1 in the catalogue (fully in residence), shall be competitors in any contest.

No student shall play upon any university team who has already played four years upon a similar college team.

No undergraduate coming from another college shall play upon any university team until he has been one year in residence.

No student shall take part in any performance of an organization using the name of Brown University until

this organization has sent to the committee a copy of its constitution, and has further complied with the regulations of the committee by sending to the secretary a list of the possible participants in each performance.

The manager of the glee, mandolin, and banjo clubs shall submit to the committee for approval all dates for proposed concerts before determining the same.

Not more than three match games of baseball or football for any one week, or three appointments for performances by any university organization for any one week, or any game necessitating absence from college exercises for two or more consecutive days, shall be arranged without the written consent of the chairman of the committee.

Reasonable rules adopted by faculties at the opening of an athletic season are within their province. The Harvard faculty have stopped the glee club trip this year. The Pennsylvania faculty stopped a football game the night before the game was to take place, and thereby put a large number of spectators who traveled up to 155th street to trouble and inconvenience. The Chicago University faculty have abolished secret societies. We do not say that each act of these faculties is not well within their province, but our notion is that universities should not be managed like boys' schools.

* * *

WE HAVE received several communications, calling our attention to the fact that the draft letters which were prepared for Captains Thorne and Brewer to sign, are published and referred to in the November number of the BACHELOR "as if they were veritable." In reply we would say, that while it was clear, from the published reports that the drafts in question had never been exchanged as letters, it was not

clear that they had not been approved by Thorne and Brewer, and it was in the belief that they had been so approved and that they represented the feelings of the captains and their teams, that the editorial in question was written. Upon receipt of these criticisms, we immediately proceeded to ascertain the exact facts with regard to these drafts. In order to correct any erroneous impression that was conveyed by our editorial, and to remove any misunderstanding that may exist in the matter generally, we now publish a statement of the facts concerning the drafts received from sources upon which our readers may implicitly rely.

On October 1, Mr. Philip B. Stewart came to Cambridge to lay before the Harvard Athletic Committee two letters which, he said, had been drawn up by Yale men after much careful consultation with Captain Thorne and his advisors. He said to Professor Ames that he was confident Captain Thorne would be willing to send one of these letters to Captain Brewer if the latter would agree to send the other in reply, and he desired to know whether the Athletic Committee would give its approval to the proposed correspondence. Mr. Ames said he would see some of his colleagues during the day and meet Mr. Stewart in the evening. He consulted a majority of the committee, asking their opinion without expressing his own views. They were all unhesitatingly of the opinion that approval of the proposed correspondence was out of the question, since it would necessarily be interpreted as a contradiction on the part of Captain Brewer, speaking for himself, Dr. Brooks, Dr. Conant and Harvard men generally, of the published statements of Dr. Brooks in regard to the Springfield game. Such a contradiction was as impossible in October as it had been in May. Mr. Ames fully concurred with his colleagues, and informed Mr. Stewart in the evening that his plan could not be entertained. Mr. Ames was not asked to show this correspondence to Captain Brewer, nor did he think it necessary to do so, as he was well aware of Captain

Brewer's views. Captain Brewer had no hand in the composition of the letter which it was proposed he should sign, and never saw it until after its publication in the *Yale News* by the Yale football management, October 15. He has since told Mr. Ames that he would never have signed it if it had been laid before him.

Captain Brewer did not take exception to the sportsmanship of last year's Yale team, *as a whole, but only to certain players upon the team.* He would have been willing to sign a statement in this form, or any statement that he could truthfully sign, and said as much to Mr. Stewart, whom he saw in Boston some weeks before October 1.

It is clear, therefore, that no legitimate inferences as to position or feeling on the part of Brewer, can be drawn from these drafts. It is our opinion that when they were put aside, they should have been destroyed as being likely, in the absence of correct knowledge of their nature, to create confusion.

Far more serious, however, than this matter, which we take pleasure in setting right, are the criticisms we have received from Harvard and Yale men, upon the position taken by THE BACHELOR OF ARTS, with regard to the management of the late controversy. Mr. Robert Grant, one of the Harvard representatives on the Advisory Board, desires us to state that he disapproves of our position (which seemed to him to involve an attack on the authorities), and that he is not to be held responsible for the views expressed.

We are also in receipt of a communication from another Harvard correspondent, in which he says: "A man may or may not believe in an athletic committee to supervise sports, but in case he does not believe in it, he ought to inform himself as to what it actually does. This, as I

said, some of your New Yorkers seem not to have done. For myself, I believe that our athletic committee has done most honorable work, not only for Harvard, but for college sport throughout the country, and its example will soon be followed by the leading colleges. The attacks upon it resemble those which the elective system had long to endure, in that for the most part they are evidently inspired by misconception."

On the other hand, Mr. N. G. Osborne, of the New Haven *Register*, in a brilliant and enthusiastic letter to the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, throws the weight of his acknowledged authority against us, and complains that "this everlast ing holding up of Yale to public scorn, as it she or her sons had done something to be ashamed of, or ought to apologize for, ought not to be passed without protest."

Incidentally we may say that Mr. Osborne ought not to treat the views attributed by us to President Eliot as if they had really been expressed by him. In endeavoring to explain a situation we, using a familiar device, charge the president with holding certain views. It is not right in Mr. Osborne to hold him responsible.

In view of all this criticism we would say that while we think a cessation of rivalry between Harvard and Yale on an unsettleable point of honor is very extraordinary, we have no intention either of attacking the authorities at Harvard or of holding up Yale to public scorn. We claim the right, however, to criticise both; and we take this opportunity of restating the position of THE BACHELOR OF ARTS upon the question of athletic control. And first it must be said that writers on this subject have not been uni-

formly careful to use with accuracy the names of the controlling bodies. We ourselves have not been blameless in this respect. We admit that it is, in a sense, inaccurate, as one of our correspondents points out, to speak of "President Eliot's method," for, as he says, "the Athletic Committee controls the athletic policy." For the same reason it is technically incorrect, as another correspondent suggests, to speak of "faculty interference" at Harvard, or since, as a matter of fact, Professor Ames was merely the chairman of the Athletic Committee, to say that Professor Ames "refused" to do this or that. The real meaning of such language is, however, not difficult to find, and technical equivalents of these terms are easily supplied. Two things may be said at the start. First, that it is certainly proper that the president of a university should have a policy, and should endeavor to carry it out, through whatever machinery may be provided. Second, it will not seriously be denied that where that machinery is partially composed of the authorities of the university, those authorities will exercise a decided influence. In this matter of the football controversy, it may be noticed that we have hardly touched upon the merits of the question, except to intimate that Yale's position was not well taken, and that Harvard's position was diplomatic, rather than spontaneous. The important point, in our opinion, has been the handling of the difficulty under an athletic committee. We have not intended to intimate that any of the officers exceeded their authority; but we have used the incident to show that in our opinion, by reason of the existence of an athletic committee, the

authorities have found themselves occupied with matters the settlement of which is really the business of the students themselves.

Mr. Caspar Whitney, in his department of *Harper's Weekly* for November 16, refers to the matter of the draft letters, and later says: "I am much disappointed, too, at the narrow view the BACHELOR seems to have of the present burning athletic questions." The views of the BACHELOR are not narrow, though it is clear that it will have to refrain from expressing them with rhetorical concreteness if it does not wish to be misunderstood. Going straight to the centre of the whole question, the BACHELOR asks, not, Are athletic committees desirable? but, What should be the duties of an athletic committee? Mr. Whitney says:

> I am not in accord with those who criticise what they are pleased to call "faculty interference." I consider sport quite a part of the universities' curriculum, and if it were regularly installed as such the present craze would be lessened and the future amply provided for. The manner in which a student conducts himself in sport, the amount of time he devotes to it, the rules under which he plays, are to my thinking quite the concern of the faculty. The faculty stands as sponsor for the undergraduate's moral, physical, and mental guidance. The trouble is that the faculties have not hitherto interfered sufficiently, or when they have interfered sufficiently, or when they have interfered have done so blunderingly, and with great ignorance of the subject on which they were attempting to adjudicate. I do not believe in stupid, unlearned faculty interference for the mere parading of power, but I do believe in faculty mentorship, especially where it appoints a committee made up of faculty and *alumni* advisers.

In a letter recently published in the *Pennsylvanian* Prof. Ames sets out very satisfactorily the scope and powers of the athletic

committee at Harvard. No one with this letter before him can be said to write in ignorance or under a misconception, and we consider what Prof. Ames says of such importance that we give it in full.

It gives me pleasure to answer your inquiry concerning the way in which athletic matters are managed at Harvard.

Since October, 1888, the committee on the regulation of athletic sports, commonly known as the Harvard Athletic Committee, has had "entire supervision and control of all athletic exercises within and without the precincts of the university, subject to the authority of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, as defined by the statutes." It was thought desirable in constituting this committee to give equal representation to the three classes of persons specially interested in college athletics. Accordingly, the committee is composed of nine members, three from the university faculties, three graduates and three undergraduates. The faculty members and graduates are appointed annually by the corporation; the undergraduates are chosen each year by a small body of student electors, made up of the presidents of the senior, junior and sophomore classes, and representatives from the athletic organizations.

The experience of seven years is thought by the corporation and overseers to have proved the merits of our form of committee. It has certainly been a singularly harmonious body. The votes during the last two years have been unanimous, except in two or three instances, and in those there was but a single dissentient.

There has been some difference of opinion as to how the words "subject to the authority of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, as defined by the statutes," restrict the powers of the committee. It is certain that the faculty has no jurisdiction over the Athletic Committee as such. That committee is responsible only to the corporation. It is probable, however, that each faculty so far retains its jurisdiction over the students under its charge as to have the right to restrict their participation in athletics in order to maintain discipline and a

proper standard of scholarship. But it is significant that since the creation of the Athletic Committee, in 1888, the faculty has not concerned itself with athletics save in one instance. Last spring the faculty did take up the question of football, and a motion to prohibit the students under its charge from further participation in inter-collegiate football very nearly prevailed. The motion was finally lost, for the sole reason that the majority deemed it unwise to pass a vote which could not fail greatly to weaken the influence of the Athletic Committee.

The committee does not, as a rule, deal with expert questions. These are left to the captains and graduate advisory committees of the respective sports, but both captains and graduate advisers must be approved by the committee.

The committee has made several regulations to secure the physical welfare of the players, to prevent the undue encroachment of athletics upon study, guard against the evils of professionalism and maintain the spirit of true sportsmanship, to increase the academic character of the contests and to insure an economical administration of the athletic funds.

These rules have been generally agreed to be wholesome, and they have certainly worked with very little friction between the committee and the students.

I cannot, of course, speak as an unprejudiced person, but I wish to express my conviction that it would be a great gain for inter-university athletics if every university had an athletic body with powers and responsibilities similar to those vested in the Harvard Athletic Committee. JAMES BARR AMES.

Mr. Whitney's remarks, together with this letter, raise the precise point at issue. We presume that the Athletic Committee at Harvard is endeavoring to act for the best interests of all parties concerned. We believe that in most cases of late their action has been the best action that a committee could take; but we take issue on this point, namely: that we are not prepared to accept the assumption upon

which the Harvard committee is founded, which is that the powers of an athletic committee should be unlimited and that it should be obliged to give its attention and consent to all details that may arise. This assumption implies that a committee can deal with interests which must, in a measure, be considered mutually antagonistic, better than the respective representatives of those interests can deal with them, themselves. The interests involved are, first, those of the university as a seat of learning; second, those of the students as men; and third, those of the students as athletes; in other words, "the interests of college athletics," of which we hear so much. From our standpoint, the first and second of these are the important ones, while the last are incidental. The good of a university must be the care of the university; the health of a student must be partly the care of the university and partly his own; the amusement of the student should be left to himself, under proper rules regulating the first two.

It is not often that exception can be taken to Mr. Whitney's diagnoses of athletic evils, but, in this case, we believe he is in error. In the first part of his article Mr. Whitney quotes a passage from a letter from President Eliot to the President of the San Francisco Harvard Club. In this letter the President says: "Sports of all kinds, athletic, musical and dramatic, should be nothing but by-play at a university." To this proposition we give unqualified approval, and adopt it as the motto of our position toward athletics. Mr. Whitney himself says that to his interpretation "sounder sentiments on the college athletic question were never uttered" than contained in the paragraph

he quotes. But how is this view, that sports should be by-play, compatible with Mr. Whitney's own theory, put forth later, that sport is "quite a part of the universities' curriculum?"

The views are not compatible, and we believe that much of the "blundering" and "ignorance" which, according to him, has characterized the action of faculties, can be traced to this misconception.

College life is made up of two parts: study and amusement.

It is one of the first principles of ethics that a man cannot serve two masters. The more modern way of expressing this truth is that it is well to avoid positions where it becomes one's duty to uphold conflicting interests. If a faculty member of an athletic committee finds that he must choose between the interests of the university, as a seat of learning, and the interests of college athletics, the latter are naturally sacrificed, righteously of course, but often, in our opinion, unnecessarily, for it is quite possible that under-graduates could very properly settle matters among themselves in a way hardly consistent with the dignity of an athletic committee composed partly of overseers and members of the faculty. The only safe rule in this world is to attend to the interests you represent, and faculties do not represent athletics, they represent institutions. On the other hand, since young men are apt to overdo things and do not always consider the best interests of the university as a seat of learning, the authorities must protect the institution, keeping in mind two things, namely, that athletics within limits are good, and that the settlement of athletic details is

good training for young men. To effect this result the obvious course, providing our premises are correct, is that the authorities should lay down general regulations, setting definite limits to athletic activity. What those limits shall be is a question for the authorities, just as it is a question for the legislature of a State to decide what police regulations shall be adopted in a community. The underlying ethical principle is the same in both cases. It is that personal liberty should be hampered in the smallest degree consistent with the object to be attained.

From this standpoint we should have no fault to find with the authorities of an institution that restricted beforehand the number of contests that might be held, their character and the localities where they might take place, as well as the opponents with whom they should be carried on. These regulations would be adopted and enforced with a single eye to the good of the university as a seat of learning, and intercollegiate athletics being, as we consider them, secondary matters, would be allowed to flourish as best they might. In our opinion, they would flourish, not like exuberant weeds but in cultivated growth, better under almost any definite regulations, however strict, than under the minute supervision, no matter how judicious, of a committee having power to regulate details.

In England the traditions of sport are apparently strong enough to keep athletics within reasonable bounds. In this country they are not, and artificial restrictions must be adopted. Let these restrictions be as severe as necessary to prevent abuses, but within these

restrictions let the authorities not interfere but let the undergraduate students settle their own details. They will sometimes go wrong, but eventually they will find their level. If, in order to arrive at what are the proper regulations, the authorities choose to intrust the matter to a committee drawn from various classes of men, including overseers and students, well and good, but when these regulations have been fixed the committee should not interfere with the details of arrangements which are carried on within the regulations. These arguments apply with equal force to theatrical tours, and glee club or mandolin concerts.

From our point of view, we approve of the resolution passed on November 7 by the Faculty Committee on Athletics of the University of Pennsylvania. The resolution is as follows:

> *Resolved*, That athletic teams representing the University of Pennsylvania shall not hereafter play on other than college grounds, without having first obtained special permission from the University Committee on Athletics.

Such resolutions it is eminently within the powers of the authorities of a university to make. But upon our theory the beginning of the year would have been a proper time to adopt such a resolution. In this case it is to be regretted that the resolution was passed on the eve of an important game, and that the game was thereby prevented and many people disappointed. So, also, in our opinion, the resolutions adopted by the authorities at Brown University are, in principle, entirely proper. For the same reasons, we have no fault to find with the resolution passed by

the Harvard faculty at the opening of the college year forbidding Harvard theatricals at places to and from which students cannot travel in a day.

It is only because intercollegiate athletics are so prominent and have been so much overdone that their true nature has been lost sight of. They are in no sense a part of the university curriculum. They are merely amusements or exercises, and belong in the same class as theatricals, concerts, chess tournaments, shooting matches and debates. They are, of course, a tiger among cats, but for all that the true family relationship must not be lost sight of. In all these activities we advocate general laws and deprecate interference with details. We should make the same objections if an athletic committee were composed wholly of students.

We can only add that we have sincerely at heart the best interests of athletics at Harvard and Yale, and that it will be our aim to bring the two great universities together on an amicable basis. In a future number Mr. F. Horan, captain of the Cambridge team, will give us his views on college athletics in America. The fact that universities can be so at odds is amusing to the English. They seem to regard their own universities as something more than athletic clubs, and deem them incapable of "friction."

BOOK NOTICES.

The late Professor Boyesen, in a recent article in the *North American Review*, rather takes Americans to task for "taking a facetious view of life." He entitles his essay "The Plague of Jocularity." "It is by this trait, above all, that Americans are differentiated from all other nations," he says. "An all-leveling democracy has tended to destroy the sense of reverence which hedges certain subjects with sanctity." We differ from the late professor's dictum as to the *all*-pervasiveness of humor in this country. We have in mind, for example, families where *ill* humor prevails; we have made painful visits among people who live in a state of well-to-do mental inanition; humorous propositions surprise and *anger* them. Is it not rather that in America the *public* attitude is humorous, that society tries to be humorous, and that in private we are really the most dolorous nation in the world? We mean by private, in the quietude of daily family life. The public man usually sheds his humor at the door sill; the professional man is rarely amusing to his wife or daughters; the business man is too tired to be funny—except to his customers.

It is not our experience that men are especially funny, even in their clubs. They may make a violent effort to be so, but they rarely succeed. The purveyor of a racy story attracts listeners, but the humorist is apt to be shunned—he is apt to be a bore. It may be admitted that clubs are curious vantage grounds, and men are apt to be jealous of their sacred personal liberties therein. Friends meeting in the street, or casual car-seat mates—do they fall usually into the "all-prevailing American humor" of their various affairs? In business and law offices the humor, if any, is carefully restricted to the chief. His jokes, his repartees, his stories *must* be laughed at. Humor in an underling is tabooed. It is regarded as a sign of lack of intellect—or at least of a lack of strict business character. But it is true that the same hard-headed, dollar-getting business man, if he appears in company in the evening, does make a serious effort to be funny. He wishes to be thought "entertaining."

But the truth is the American mind is often oppressively serious. Money-getting is earnest work; money-keeping is anxious work. No one has much time to be funny. An English, Irish or Scotch family traveling in a third-class car will laugh and joke and betray humor in their private life. A poor American family will sit silent and depressed as they stare out of the car window. Go among the poor in the tenement-house districts; there is no humor there, except among the foreign-born Irish; the American-born Irish lose their native humorousness and grow serious. But it has been said there is little humor among the poor anywhere outside of Ireland, where poverty is the inevitable condition.

In "company" the laugh is the great thing, and Prof. Boyesen is right in this distinctive feature of Americanism. A feverish effort is made to amuse. We *must* excite the laugh. All things sacred and profane must be made to contribute to the humorist. The white-haired old clergyman of whom it was said he was only waiting for a vacancy in the Trinity to die, was a legitimate American bit of humor. A sinner cannot "afford" to join the church and save his soul—the expense is too great! is another.

All the thousand and one jokes of the daily press were, often, the actual sayings and doings of Americans "in company." Our public speeches must entertain, our after-dinner speakers are chiefly *raconteurs*. In literature, since Mark Twain, a number of writers have sprung up, whose fund of humor is not very deep or broad or distinctively American as is Mark Twain's. It is said that we only export our humorous books, and that no one abroad thinks of reading a *serious* American novel. Englishmen and Frenchmen want to "taste" our American wild flavor, they say. We may imagine that they looked for it as far back as Irving and were disappointed to find him a British essayist—an Addisonian disciple. They got a taste of America in Cooper—with Walter Scott's mannerisms. Bryant was the son of Wordsworth. In Hawthorne they had the cultured Englishman writing of and on American topics—but fully imbued with a new native manner. Longfellow was an Englishman. Whittier was quite American in flavor, but English in manner. Walt Whitman was

the *first* great American poet, as Lincoln was the second great American statesman after Jackson. Washington, Jefferson, the Clays, Calhouns and Websters were typical English gentlemen, reared by accident in America.

So in our humorists. John Phoenix was a Londoner, while Artemas Ward was American, Bret Harte, Mark Twain also. Eugene Field started as an American, ended as a gentle English poet. Our critics have a distaste for the rough, broad humor which *is* American. Artemas Ward would not "go" very well now. What a laugh went around at his joke, "Harvard College is pleasantly located in the bar-room at Parker's." His jests were profoundly funny, and seemed so spontaneous. Compare Ward with Bangs or Grant—how refined and studied our humor has grown! We may consider that it is anglicized, very much after the manner humor in *Punch* is angliciized—worked over, rubbed up and overdone. Nevertheless, these gentlemen cited are genuine humorists in the new Anglican-American style. The joke is now more refined, subtle, polished, elevated; but the joke is there.

For example, take Robert Grant, another modern humorist. How refined is his wit! "We feel that we require to inform ourselves not only concerning the art and literature of France, but to have the names and doings of her statesmen at our finger's ends for use in polite conversation, and the satisfaction of the remains of the New England conscience." (Art of Living, p. 191.) "The American woman, from the earliest days of our history, has refused to be prevented by the limitations of time or physique from trying to include the entire gamut of human feminine activity in her daily experience. There was a period when she could demonstrate successfully her ability to cook, sweep, rear and educate children, darn her husband's stockings, and yet entertain delightfully, dress tastefully and be well-versed in literature and all the current phrasses of high-thinking." These sentences are good examples of the amusing talk that goes on in his pages, never very funny, never coarse, never dull.

Eugene Field's first newspaper humor was on a par with Bill Nye's, who lives too late

in the century to be one of the greatest of American humorists. The sense of eternal fitness of things breaks over Field before many years, and he becomes delicate, refined, sensitive, with the happy result of enriching the language, but not enriching America in humor especially. In the case of Mr. Bangs, whose "Coffee and Repartee" and "House-boat the Styx," have established him as a humorist of high order, his work is distinctly of the London school—the school of *Punch*. Mr. Bangs was for many years a contributor to *Life*, which has the merit of first introducing refinement and good breeding into American humor. Mr. Bangs's work is always refined, and always on in good taste, but it is not overwhelmingly funny any more than is Jerome K. Jerome's or Anstey's. His Bonaparte is dryly amusing, but just a little "pumped." His "Idiot" is not quite up to the "Coffee and Repartee." The chapter about Barnum and Noah and the antediluvian mammoths is the most spontaneously humorous and delightful bit he has ever done. The manner of the House-boat, etc., is freer and better, the humor much more genuine, the treatment broader, and as Mr. Bangs grows he returns to America, and his humor reminds us of Twain and of Ward. Hitherto he has, perhaps, felt too much the shackles of the new era—of not wanting to write what will not be accepted by London. Mr. Ford is less bound by these shackles. He is not only American, he is New Yorkian. He amuses us by his pleasant satirical vein, and gives us pictures of Bowery life and of the cheap table d'hotes. In his "Literary Shop" he directly made fun of the magazine authorities who revere the English too much, and who attempt to guide and control the fate of American authors. He makes jolly fun of certain publishers. We presume he is planning a joke on the recent book about Death, by Mr. Alden, editor of "Harper's," the slayer of so many aspiring young authors. In his "Bohemia Invaded" he gives us a dozen stories and sketches of New York life full of real humor of the old-fashioned Artemas Ward variety.

Chimmie Fadden, try as he may to be funny—and sometimes he is exquisitely droll—is, after all, rather vulgar. Compare "Chimmie" with Sam Weller, his great prototype—who was always a gentleman.

"Chimmie" and his duchess—who is never very funny—do not catch the reader's regard as Sam Weller does. There is too much of the rogue and too little of the gentleman in "Chimmie." As for Major Max and Mrs. Max, they may be exact types of easy-going middle-class Americans of the later day period, but they are permeated by an extraordinary vulgarity, and their humor is often the humor of a cheap boarding house. In his last book, "A Daughter of the Tenements," Mr. Townsend plunges into melodrama, and melodrama with the scene laid in prosaic New York must descend to the tough element—the unknown element. Some years ago there was a play on the Bowery called *Lost in New York*, and Mr. Townsend's book reminds us of that amusing theatrical spectacular enterprise. One has to be very much "lost" to enjoy the mephitic and foggy atmosphere of this book. The plot "thickens" on every page. Mr. Townsend has too great a talent to waste it on such hastily written fiction. A leisurely, carefully studied, realistic New York story by him would be very valuable. He has shown great capabilities, and he has not made good use of them. This last book is forced too much; the situations are too much after the manner of the Bowery "play." It is not equal to its fine illustrations by Kemble.

Mr. Julian Ralph, in *People We Pass* has also invaded New York's seamy side, studied certain aspects, certain colloquial forms and phrases, and come back to us with the air of a man who has made important discoveries. Certainly his characters "found below Canal street" are intensely ugly and disagreeable. Granted they are true to life—why are they not amusing as are Dickens' low-caste people? The answer, is in the first place, London 'Arrys and 'Arriets, and cheap trash, and costers, are never trying to be other than they are, while New York east side Micks and Johnnies always preserve an insolent air of "bein' as good as you be." A rag-picker contented with his lot, cheerful at home happy in his daily round of pig-like grubbing, might be found near Charing Cross; in Mott street he would be rag-picking temporarily until he could "better" himself. Meanwhile he would be ugly and churlish.

Where is Prof. Boyesen's "all-prevailing" humor among the tenements? On the contrary, the social life is unspeakably disagreeable and ugly. The faces of the tough men and women, even at a ball or a chowder party, or a political barge excursion, or a coterie dance, or a wharf "growler" party, or at the "theayter," are sullen, hard and bitter. And that this "bicycle face" is so always present in our large cities is a commentary on our democracy, and a refutation of our "all-prevailing humor." The true novel of New York will portray lives of ambitious struggle from the tenements to Central Park. Struggle for dollars, or struggle for social prestige, or struggle for power. Contentment—we know little of it. Satisfaction with one's environment—wholly unheard of. Upward we must strive as if it was a deep and profound law of human nature. Surely, our "all-prevailing humor" does not exist.

In Westminster (Frederick A. Stokes Company) Sir Walter Besant has made a companion volume to his "London" volume. It is beautifully illustrated by Wm. Patten and others. The "London" has made many warm friends among American travelers. It was a great deal more than a guide book, and the "Westminster" volume, containing all that is known of the wondrous history of the Mecca of Americans, will make the same success. In *Some Memories of Paris* (Henry Holt & Co.) F. Adolphus writes entertainingly of General Boulanger, of Paris streets forty years ago, and of the last days of the Empire. In *The Art of Living Long and Happily* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) Mr. Henry Hardwicke, well known as a lawyer and collector of books, has compiled a very delightful volume of the sayings of the "great men gone before" in regard to his topic. Apropos of the happiness to be derived from books, he quotes Carlyle as follows: "After all manner of professors have done their best for us, the place we are to get knowledge is in books—the *true* university of these days is a good collection of books." Mr. N. H. Dole's poems *The Hawthorne Tree* (T. Y. Crowell & Co., Boston) entitle him to a niche among the minor poets. Mr. Dole is not quite so felicitous in his *Vers de Societe* as in his serious verse. "Dearest

Mary, wilt thou be my star, pet?" to rhyme with carpet, is rather too naive. Mr. Dole should be careful not to go too much into the light and trivial. His tread is too heavy. In his last "light and trifling" summer novel he showed clearly that his talent lay elsewhere. In "Cousin Anthony and I" (Chas. Scribner's Sons) Mr. Edward S. Martin continues his "Windfalls of Observation," published a year ago. His mingled humor and seriousness, his refinement and elegance of diction, make his essays charming. Here we have to deal with a gentleman. Running through these lines is the purity, the tone, the culture and refinement of a scholar in the world. "Lakewood, A Story of To-day," by Mary H. Norris (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), is a well-written novel of Lakewood life. It is realistic and true to life, but as a story is rather dull. Miss Portia Max has a suspicious relationship to "Major Max." She is "connected," undoubtedly. When we say that the story is dull, we would say the same of the nicely dressed, rich, neat, domestic, home-loving set of women it truthfully portrays—women of the great middle class, "eminently respectable, dolefully dull"—society without thought or conversation, or wit, or wickedness, or politics, or anything save neatness and respectability. But perhaps we owe Mrs. Norris a debt of gratitude that she has not attempted to make her Lakewood set witty. To quote Swift,

> "Pure genuine dullness moved his pity
> Unless it offered to be witty."

We do not detect a flavor of satire in this book, and believe that the set it illuminates would have moved the pity of Dean Swift. In "The Principles of Argumentation" (Ginn & Co.) Prof. Baker of Harvard has brought out a useful book and especially so for women. At no time in the world's history have women needed instruction in argumentation more than now. The new woman must acquire by hard and stern effort some knowledge of logic; she must meet argument not by tears and assertion, but by clear analysis. She must learn to take the stump in debate and carry her banner of freedom on the staff of reason. This work meets her wants exactly. We recommend it to her

heartily. In "Princesses in Love" (Brentano) Henri P. Du Bois has compiled some interesting historical reminiscences. It is interesting to note that princesses are never troubled by the one great barrier to modern love—lack of funds. The story of Phrynette is a little gem. The book is nicely written, and shows refinement and delicacy of touch.

Un Avocat-Journaliste au XVIIIme Siecle. Par JEAN CRUPPI. (Hachette, Paris, 1895.) Jean Cruppi, the attorney-general of the French Court of Cassation, has given us in this work a graphic and interesting picture of Paris in the pre-revolutionary period. Linguet's success at college as an "emperor of rhetoric" and his fame as a professor were the beginnings of a remarkable career in a history-making epoch all too little treated of nowadays. The author knows his subject well, and writes with a loving pen. The dry bones of the Palace of Justice take on flesh and color, and the Parliament of 1775 is a breathing reality. It is a thousand pities that Mr. Cruppi has been unable to find a more worthy central figure. Linguet is resuscitated, but the reader admires the lawyer-journalist less than the art of his historian.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica, by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. (Harper & Bros, 1895.)

The Idiot, by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. (Harper & Bros., 1895.)

Chimmie Fadden, Major Max and Other Stories, by EDWARD W. TOWNSEND. (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

Chimmie Fadden Explains, etc., by EDWARD W. TOWNSEND. (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

A Daughter of the Tenements, by EDWARD W. TOWNSEND. (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

Lakewood, a Story of To-day, by MARY HARRIOTT NORRIS. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)

The Red Spell, by FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)

Bohemia Invaded, by JAMES L. FORD. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)

Opinions of a Philosopher, by ROBERT GRANT. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Reflections of a Married Man, by ROBERT GRANT. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

The Art of Living, by ROBERT GRANT. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

A Little Book of Profitable Tales, by EUGENE FIELD. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Cousin Anthony and I, by EDWARD S. MARTIN. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Westminster, by WALTER BESANT. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)

Princesses in Love, by HENRI PEINE DUBOIS. (Brentano.)

The Art of Living Long and Happily, by HENRY HARDWICKE. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Some Memories of Paris, by F. ADOLPHUS. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Money and Banking, by HORACE WHITE. (Ginn & Co.)

The Principles of Argumentation, by GEORGE PIERCE BAKER. (Ginn & Co.)

Poems of Herrick, edited by E. E. HALE, JR. (Ginn & Co.)

The Hawthorne Tree, Poems by NATHAN HASKELL DOLE. (Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.)

C. C. LANGILL
Photographer

10 EAST 14th ST., NEW YORK

Instantaneous Views
Class Photographs

Highest Awards for
Interiors and Exteriors

PACH BROTHERS
College Photographers

935 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

LIBRARIES

Supplying Private and Public Libraries with books our SPECIALTY

A list of standard and new issues of all publishers mailed on request. Lists priced gratis

Test our figures.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.

WHOLESALE BOOKS

5 and 7 East Sixteenth St., New York

FOOTBALL, BASEBALL, TENNIS, GOLF, ROWING, CRICKET, BICYCLING, SPRINTING, YACHTING, SWIMMING, SKATING, JUMPING. . . . . . .

These and many kindred out-of-door sports find practical exposition in the new

"BOOK OF ATHLETICS"

just issued by the **Lothrop Publishing Company**, edited by NORMAN W. BINGHAM, JR., Manager of the Mott Haven Team (1893-95). Cumnock of Harvard, Bliss of Yale, Mapes of Columbia, Martin of Tufts, Dwight the tennis expert, Cracknell the cricket champion, Bloss the "broad jump" record breaker, Hart the golf authority, Mayor Bancroft of Cambridge, the "crew" trainer, and other college men and famous amateurs contribute to the book.

"THE BOOK OF ATHLETICS" is a handsome 8vo volume, profusely illustrated and buckram bound, and is for sale by all booksellers. **Price, $1.50.** Send for descriptive and holiday catalogue.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY
92 PEARL ST., BOSTON

"A Fair Field and No Favors"

The Colonial

Known as the Society Wheel

Handsomest and Strongest Cycle Made

Our Salesrooms
for the Holiday Season

371 5th Avenue, S. E. Cor. 35th St.

John McClow & Sons

Makers

602-4-6 W. 22d Street, New York City

The Liberty

AMERICA'S REPRESENTATIVE BICYCLE

THE LIBERTY CYCLE CO.

4 Warren St., and 1786 Broadway, New York
1217 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn
567 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

THE WINTHROP PRESS, 32-34 LAFAYETTE PLACE, N. Y.